Australian
AUGUST 1993 $10.95

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

EXCLUSIVE
In bed with Joanne & Warwick Capper !

Loe act
Rugby's black sheep

FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

The inside story.

Something happened in the year 1904 that turned a small hat factory on its head. A young man called Stephen Keir started working for Benjamin Dunkerley.

You're probably asking who is Stephen Keir. We'll come to that in a minute.

Benjamin Dunkerley, his wife Harriet and daughter Ada ran a hat making business in Sydney. Benjamin was a technician who had an eye for a good product and Stephen Keir had an eye for his daughter. Following his marriage to Ada, Stephen was promoted to General Manager. In 1918 when Benjamin died Stephen steered the Company on to greater things; moving the factory to larger premises, increasing the production and branding the hats 'Akubra'.

This great part of our Australian history was now taking shape.

Large contracts were won for the supply of Slouch hats during both World Wars and in the more peaceful times of the early 50's Akubra obtained the prized licensed manufacturing agreement from Stetson of America.

Stephen Keir I died in 1957, his sons including Stephen Keir II proudly continued the business.

Today the name goes on with Stephen Keir III at the helm and yes, his son Stephen, like all those before him is learning the trade of felt hat making, from the factory floor up. Who knows what new heights he'll reach and what new hats will take shape to join the long list of favourites such as, 'The Down Under' and the 'Snowy River'.

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From a tradition like this with real endeavour and the true dedication of everyone involved at Akubra, it's no wonder we are renowned for very fine hats worldwide.

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Australian
PENTHOUSE

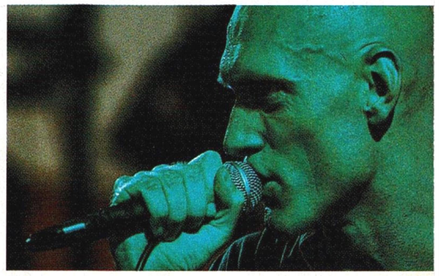
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No 8/August 1993 Black Label Edition

Cover by Bambi

Born to steal

Loe act

Gold diggers



The good oil

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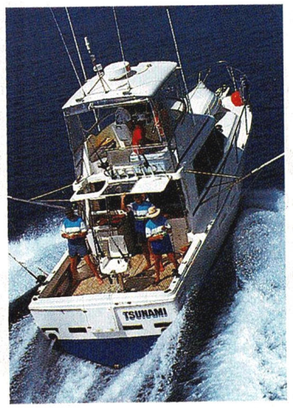
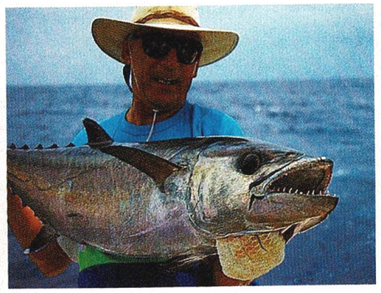
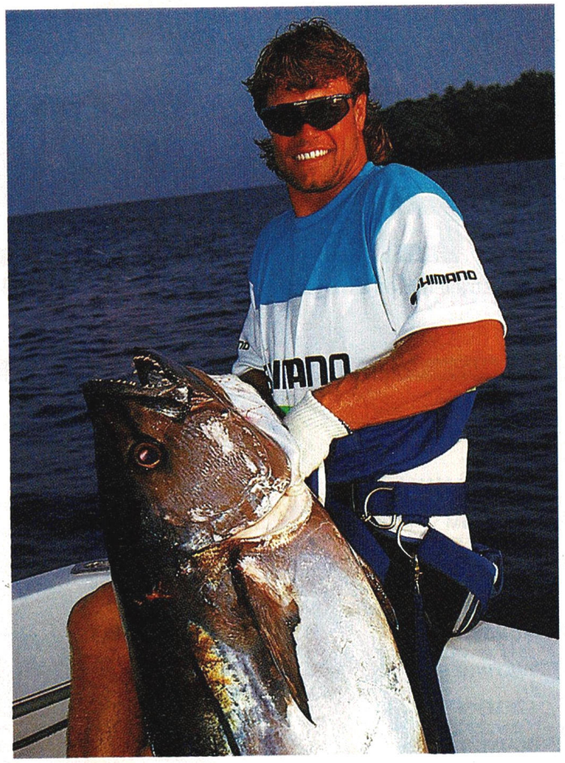
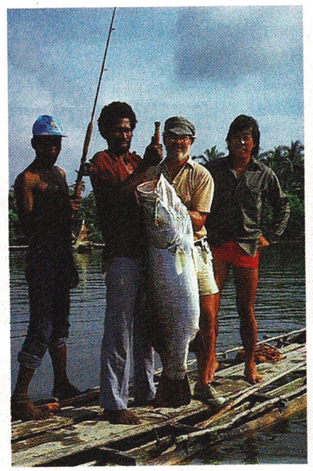






League Star Andrew "ET" Ettingshausen with a P.N.G. dogtooth tuna.

Sportfishing Adventures in Papua New Guinea



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AUGUST

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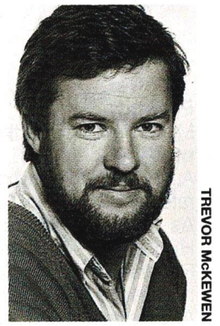
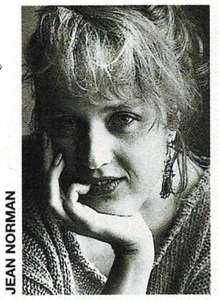
LOE ACT



TREVOR McKEWEN

For All Black front-rower Richard Loe, 1992 was a big year with both the New Zealand and French Rugby Unions banning him for eye-gouging during a NZ National Championship game. But it was last year's tour of Australia that revealed the beast in Richard Loe with the facial stomping of Sam Scott-Young and the Paul Carozza incident that saw the little Queensland winger get his nose flattened by the Kiwi forward. On page 48 New Zealand journalist **Trevor McKewen** profiles the rugged prop. McKewen was a newspaper reporter in Queensland and is currently the Sports Editor on Auckland's *Sunday News* newspaper. He has covered nine Bledisloe Cup encounters and is writing a book on All Black hard men.



JEAN NORMAN

THE GOOD OIL

Midnight Oil is one of the most successful musical acts to ever come out of Australia. Their frontman Peter Garrett has reached almost messiah status through his lyrics-with-a-message and his political stands. But who is Peter Garrett? Contributing Editor **Jean Norman** decided to investigate the bald singer to discover where the image of Saint Peter stops and the reality begins. "It was the most harrowing experience in my life," the Sydney journalist says. Norman says large sections of the musical industry are frightened of Garrett and her story turned into "one long paranoia trip." Read her story on page 82 with the illustration by **Cameron Singleton**.

IN BED WITH WARWICK AND JOANNE

BAMBI

He was the high-flying footy star in the white boots who played for the Sydney Swans in the VFL. She was the impossibly gorgeous wife and social pages darling who left the fading footy star to go solo. The break-up of Australia's own Ken and Barbie was the most public and bitter marital split in living memory. But having separately bared their souls to *Penthouse* over the last year, the Cappers are back... in bed and in love. In this issue, the story of Warwick and Joanne comes full circle. The stunning photographs are from Sydney freelancer **Bambi**, who shot Warwick for *Australian Women's Forum* and the remarkable story is from freelance journalist **Graham Bicknell** who started it all in this magazine with his story on Joanne almost a year ago. Turn to page 72 for Joanne and Warwick as you've never seen them before.

MARGOT SEARES

TERMINAL VELOCITY

For the ultimate experience on land you'd be hard pressed to go past the sport of speed skiing. In what is the simplest and fastest of all winter sports, speed skiers descend in a straight line down an icy slope with the same acceleration as a free-falling sky diver. On page 16, Jindabyne-based journalist and photographer **Margot Seares** reports on the Australian speed skiers who are challenging the world's best. Seares is the editor of the *Snowy Times* in Jindabyne. Her photographs and stories have appeared in *Australian Skiing, People* and *Post* magazines and she files for the Explorer photo agency in Paris. Seares was the 1979 Australian Freestyle Skiing champion and was a judge at the Calgary Winter Olympics.

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Paternity one
Mark Abernethy's article "Paternity Wars" pretty well sums up the plight of Australian fathers who have been separated or divorced under the present laws. As president of the Newcastle and Hunter Region branch of the Lone Fathers Association, I see the problems, heartache and stress described by Abernethy on a daily basis. All cases seem to follow a well-rehearsed path to disrupt the father/child relationship. My advice to those fathers going through this anguish is to lobby their Federal members, the law makers as well as the Chief Justice of the Family Court.
Fathers feel they are up against a proverbial brick wall, but we and our second wives, girlfriends, parents and friends must continue the fight for the sake of our children. — *Graeme Challen, Newcastle, NSW*

Paternity two
All too often we forget that the majority of fathers love their children and that the denial of access after marriage breakdown is devastating. Perhaps through the "Paternity Wars" article custodial parents (of both sexes) may have a better insight into the problems facing the non-custodial parent and they might begin to work together for the future welfare of their children. — *Coral Slattery, Secretary, Family Law Reform Association of NSW*

Paternity three
I commend "Paternity Wars" in the April issue for presenting in detail the way in which thousands of Australian fathers are being discriminated against under the Family Law Act. Melbourne readers wanting assistance and moral support on this issue may like to contact: the Secretary, Australian Law Reform Association. — *Geoff Muirden, Secretary, Australian Civil Liberties Union*

Robyn the rich
Robyn Levalle who appeared in the May issue is an incredibly classy looking woman. She has alluring eyes and great legs and I sincerely hope that you run another spread featuring the lovely Robyn. — *Barry Farr, Tamworth, NSW*

One of the Geyers
Richard Sleeman's profile of Mark Geyer in the May issue was hard-hitting, informative and entertaining. The Rugby League maverick has received a lot of media attention but this was the only piece that I have read which gave me a real feeling of actually being with the bloke and what sort of person he is. More sports profiles please. — *Mike Adams, Brisbane, Qld*

Melissa — an absolute bombshell!

Cambodia capers
Cheap booze, supplicant nubile Asian beauties, unspoiled white beaches and all on a United Nations paypacket, where do I sign up? Chris Pritchard's "Club Med Cambodia" article in the July issue gave new meaning to the military term "hot spot".
It sounds like these blokes are having the time of their lives, while the public is being duped into the idea of praying nightly for the safety of our brave young boys putting their lives on the line for a more peaceful world. — *John Seegram, Monkey Mia, WA*

Motor maestro
I have been reading *Australian Penthouse* for many years and I am constantly impressed by your motoring editor Peter McKay. Cars are essentially bits of machinery that work together, yet McKay manages to consistently inform, entertain and enthuse his readers. He is a veteran of motoring writing and he is simply getting better with age, keep up the good work Peter. — *Greg Borestein, Adelaide, SA*

Too big
Lately I have noticed an increase in the number of women in *Penthouse* with exceptionally large breasts. This is neither a natural nor exciting thing (for me at least). So please, big knockers only every so often, because most would agree that more than a mouthful is a waste. Aside from this, I would like to commend the Pets, *Penthouse* staff and the contributors for putting together what is simply the finest men's magazine published on the Pacific rim. — *Gavin Rutso, Beecroft, NSW*

Desperatley seeking Melissa
Wow! Melissa is a bombshell. She's totally blown me and my mates away. She's the best we've seen yet. Where on the Gold Coast can we find her? We really want to see more. — *Scott and friends, Gold Coast, Qld*

Land of the rising temper
While looking through the April 1993 edition of *Australian Penthouse,* I came across what was, frankly, a very racist and offensive cartoon.
The offending picture showed Japanese men maliciously torturing various animals for pleasure in a resturaunt.
While I'm not denying that some inhumane practices do occur in Oriental cuisine (as they do in European culture), I found the picture sterotypical of the Japanese race. Could you please refrain from printing this kind of material in what is otherwise a high-quality magazine. — *D. Stevens, Werrington, NSW*

A common question
Answer honestly, does your staff make up the Forum letters that appear in the front of *Penthouse*? — *G. Linley, Bankstown, NSW*

The Forum letters are unsolicited and come from our readers. They are edited for length and clarity only. — Ed

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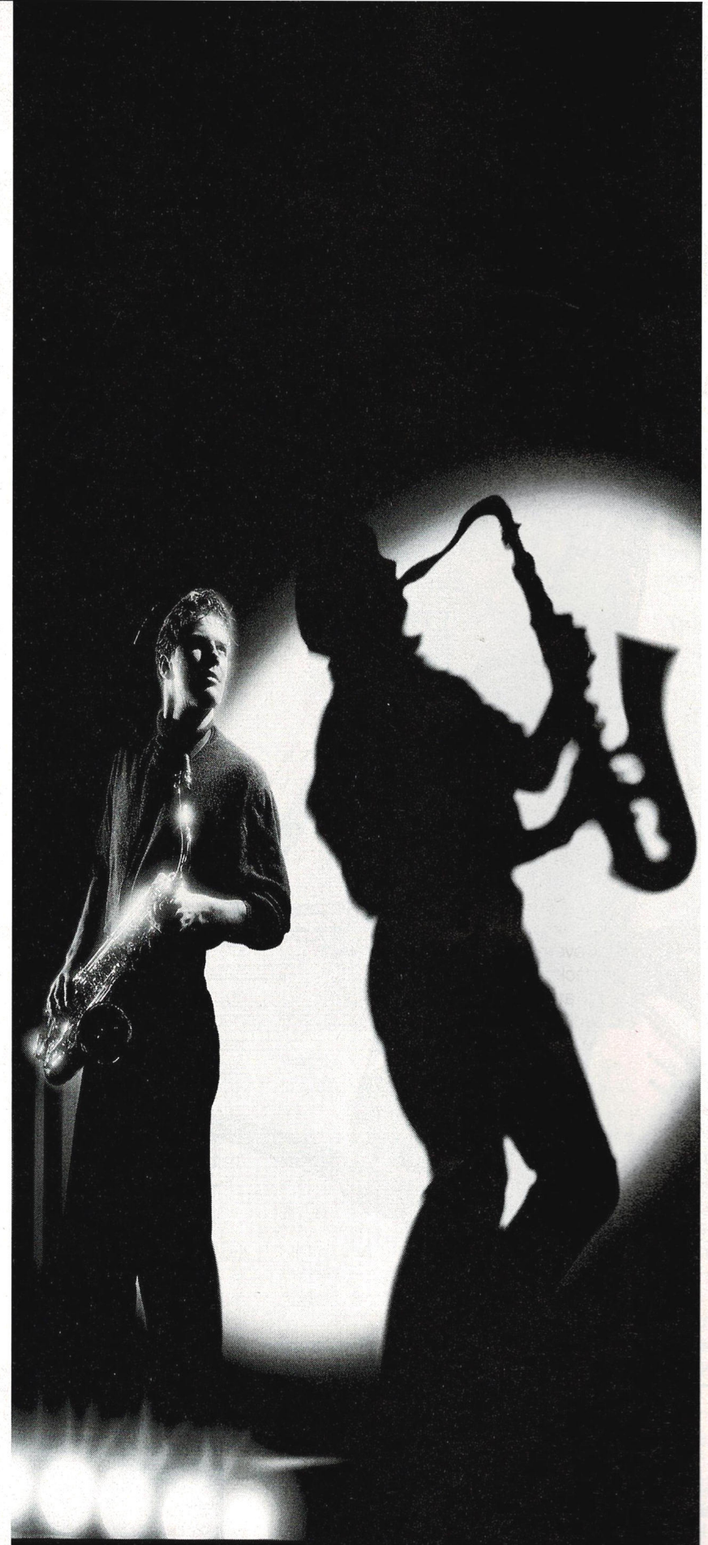

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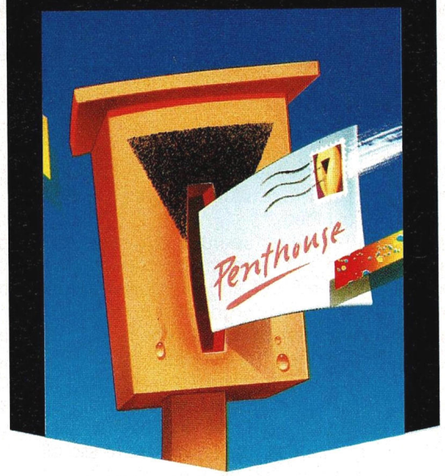


forum

Love can be blind

I recently had the privilege of being a coach at a sports camp for young athletes. On the first day I worked with a 19-year-old runner called Karen. She had a beautiful, lithe body, long slim legs, and a very cute lycra-clad behind. She was also nearly blind.

That evening I found myself talking to Karen at the bar of our hotel. She wore her blond hair up so I could study the soft downy hair around her neck (a particular fetish of mine), and was attired in a short, tight dress which showed off her figure perfectly.

We talked about running and, as we shared a few drinks, she related her frustrations about being partially sighted in a sporting world which put a great emphasis on physical perfection. Perhaps the alcohol had made me bold. I told her I thought she was about as physically perfect a woman as I had ever met.

The conversation got more interesting from then on. She told me that guys her age were too reticent with her. She said that she was naturally very passionate, but the men she had tried to get to know were confused by her disability, and tended to treat her as fragile and naive. She said that as soon as she began to get aroused, they backed off.

As we talked and drank a few more glasses of wine, I asked her what her perfect partner would be like. This unleashed a series of her sexual fantasies, spoken in a hushed voice into my ear so that no-one else in the bar would overhear. She also began to press her body against mine and pretty soon I was gently massaging her thigh with my hand.

Between sips of wine she related to me her favourite fantasy. "This may sound wacky," she said, "but in this fantasy there's this very large cock which slowly undresses me and then explores every inch of my naked body. I can't see it, of course, but I can feel it moving around my body. Then it lets me hold it and caress it and suck it and then I pull it into me."

My heart was thumping so loud inside my chest I was sure she could hear it. I leant over and gently kissed the back of her neck, running my lips over her soft hair and nudging her earlobe. Immediately I felt her hand on my groin exploring my hardness through my denim jeans.

Minutes later I was locking the door of my room behind us. Karen threw aside her cane, pulled me by my shirt to the centre of the room and started to undress me. I don't usually like to be the first one naked, but it was different knowing that Karen was effectively blind in the dim lights of the hotel room. I felt rather embarrassed standing there with my half-erect penis already jutting out at right angles. But I also felt strong and alive, knowing that I was going to make Karen's fantasy come true.

"Come here," she said. "I just want your cock to touch me and take my clothes off."

"That may not be easy," I said. "Can I use my hands?"

"No. Just your cock. Just try. I've found you can do most things if you try."

As she sat on the edge of the bed, I touched her shoulder with my member. She didn't respond immediately, but I noticed that she was biting her lower lip, as if she was concentrating on the images in her mind. I manoeuvred it under one of the shoulder straps of her dress and pulled the strap off her shoulder. She turned round and I did the same with the other strap.

I ordered her to lie down on her front so that I could get at the zipper. I noticed that she had already released the clasp and undone the zipper by two inches.

Straddling her, I tucked my cock under the fabric of her dress and pushed the zipper down. This took quite some time and involved some rather painful interactions between the zipper and my pubic hair. I could hear Karen holding her breath each time my cock touched her back. I also found that by the end of the exercise, I was leaving a little trail of pre-come along her spine.

After this rather ungainly procedure, Karen sat up and I hooked my member through each of the shoulder straps in turn and pulled the dress away from her body. As she stood up the dress fell to the floor revealing a black lace bra and panties. When she sat back down on the bed, she pulled the bra away from her chest, allowing me to slip my penis between her breasts. Slowly, she began to breast fuck me, pushing her tits around my red pole and rolling her head around.

The only way to get her bra off was to pull it over her head, so I got her to slip down onto the floor and raise her arms over her head. Removing the garment was a difficult task. My cock wasn't stiff enough to pull it off. Nevertheless, it was exciting to watch my cock, partly covered by the black lace, bobbing around in front of her face.

On a couple of occasions she licked her lips and poked out her tongue, looking for a taste of my flesh. I obliged by teasing her with the slightest of touches.

Eventually, her young firm breasts slipped out of the bra-cups and I was able to pull the garment off. "Touch my tits," she murmured. I obliged by pressing the tip of my cock against her hard nipples and then pressing the underside of my flesh against her soft breasts.

The black lace panties were an easier proposition. Karen lay on her back and I

straddled her again, slipping my cock under the waist-band. Had she been able to see clearly she would have got a less than flattering view of my bum and my balls. I felt the intense wet heat of her cunt with the tip of my member as she lifted her hips to allow me to pull her panties down the length of her muscular legs on the tip of my rod.

Fulfilling the next part of Karen's fantasy, I began to rub her body with the end of my cock, starting with her feet, moving up her legs and onto her torso.

She seemed lost in her own thoughts and uttered an occasional moan. I was fascinated by the trail of pre-come I was leaving on her flesh. I began to make circles around her navel, around each ripe breast, around the tip each nipple and up to her neck.

I was straddling Karen, slowly massaging her neck with the glistening tip of my rod, when she took my member in both hands. She explored its length and breadth, followed the engorged veins down its side with her fingertip and then buried her fingers into the hair at its base.

I was worried that I would come all over her face and perhaps ruin her fantasy, so I quickly switched my mind to thoughts of the next day's training, hamburgers — of anything other than the girl who was exploring my crotch with the fingers of a sculptor. The feeling subsided, and somehow I managed to hold off as Karen took my cock in one hand, gently rolled on a condom that she had produced from her purse and began to rub its tip all over her face, her cheeks, her forehead and across the bridge of her nose, before wrapping her lips around it and giving me the most vigorous sucking and licking session I have ever experienced.

My mind was filled with training schedules, dietary tips, warm-up exercises and race tactics. Karen's mouth was just filled.

After what seemed an eon, she stopped and my member slipped out of her mouth, wet and slimy with saliva. "Haven't you forgotten something?" Karen asked, pointing to the black hair-band that held her pony-tail.

I have never had my cock in a woman's hair before, but the experience was great. Despite the fact that the tip of my rod was aching, I managed to slip off the condom and work my member into her hair, under the hair band and lever it off so that her blond shoulder length hair cascaded around my crotch, tickling the tender glans. She shook her hair free and I felt her breasts pressing against my knees.

The fantasy was almost complete. Karen lay on the edge of the bed and moaned, "Fuck me with your big cock. Fill me up." I wanted to thrust myself into her right then, but I also had a great desire to eat her young love-lips. I pushed her back onto the bed, placed my hands over the small globes of her breasts and prised open her legs.

She pulled her knees up to give me open access to her crotch. I licked around the upper reaches of her inner thighs as she moaned and held my head in her hands.

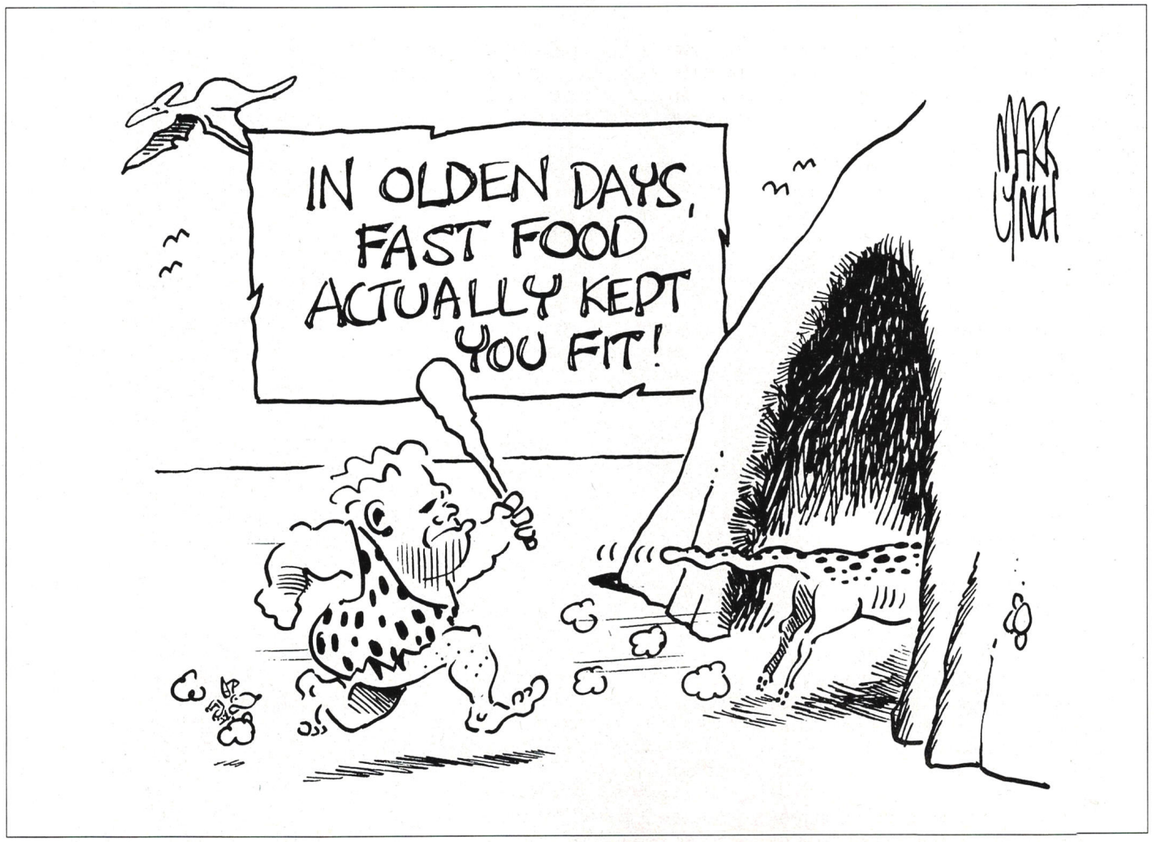
I went to work on her fleshy lips, first gently prising them apart with my tongue, then licking and prodding her clit. Karen began to press my head into her as I thrust my tongue as far into her love-hole as I could. "Fuck me with your cock! Do it now," she yelled in anguish.

I pulled my head back and flipped her onto her front. Then I spread her knees, took my blood-engorged pole, which I quickly covered with another condom, and placed it at the entrance to her vagina with the tip nestling against her wet lips. As I expected, it was a tight fit.

Although Karen was very wet, I had to inch my pole into her love-nest. She gasped with each movement and began to pull the bedclothes in her tight fists.

In a short while I was fully inside her with my hips pressed against her buttocks. I began to move in and out

Continued on page 118



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CENSORSHIP

FRONT

Bottoms up

I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy

What the hell is going on out there? First it was Angry Greenies telling us that Greenhouse gases were actually cows farting too much. Then it was another scapegoatist peering out of the television to inform the Modern Man that, despite gynaecological evidence to the contrary, teenage pregnancies are caused by soap operas. The Nineties gent was then forced to wear the blame for something that Angry Feminists call "The Man Shortage". Apparently the contemporary bloke of dignity is to blame because he doesn't want to marry plain women who hate men.

Crazy isn't it? But cows, soap operas and males of good taste will always get the blame. We expect such attacks. What the Modern Man never expected was an assault on his innocent indulgence of booze.

"The sissies are having their revenge . . ."

Grog now takes the blame for everything from wife-bashing, rape and brain damage, to teenage pregnancy, global warming, the man shortage, vaginal fungus, divorce rates, noisy neighbours and suicide.

Even Boris Yeltsin had some journalist suggesting his fondness for Stolichnaya breakfasts had something to do with the Russian parliamentary crisis and stories about the banishment of Maggie Thatcher never fail to mention husband Dennis as a hopeless gin lush who may have been the thorn in Maggie's side.

Illustration by Drahos Zak

Noeline Donaher catches political flack because she likes the feel of a wine glass in her hand, and for the last 30 years the American Kennedy Clan have been harangued by Baptist hacks in sensible shoes because the boys like to get on the turps and chase women.

Yes. The days of the great prohibition comeback are upon us, sobriety is fashionable again. The sissies are having their revenge and today's man finds himself slinking through the shadows to sneak a drink.

Which is confusing. It was only 30 years ago that Lex Davidson, became legend for crashing his car at the Australian Grand Prix, leaping from the wreckage and strolling into the Longford pub to order himself a beer.

Try pulling Lex's class act in 1993 and you'd have every busy-body, Women's Christian Temperance League angry person in town coming down on you like a shit monsoon.

How it came to this is anyone's guess. One moment it's "Chin Chin, old man", Winnie Blues and waking up in a stranger's bed. The next thing you know, every second drinking session feels like one long escape from Andy Capp's wife.

But at least Andy Capp's "Pet" has a sense of humour. When it comes to drunk men, Nineties women see about as much humour in life as Spike Lee on a bad day.

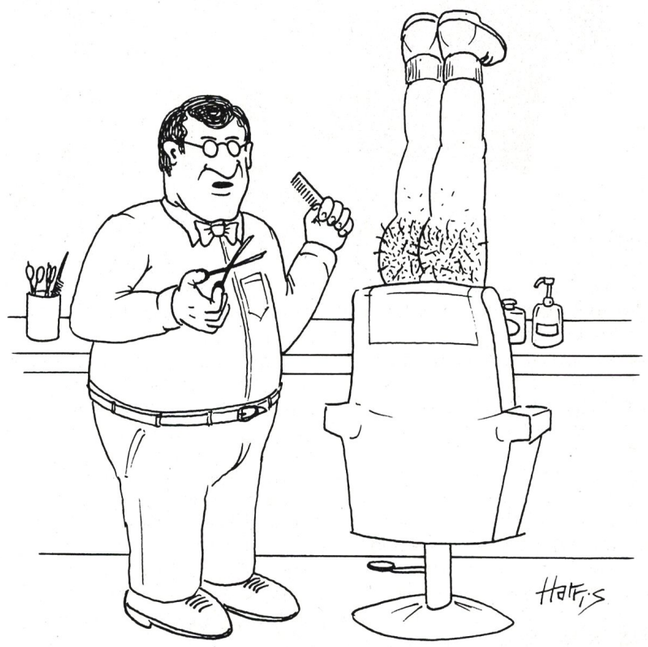
Modern women have gay friends, jobs as firefighters, the right to express themselves sexually and crystals that talk to them. Which all sounds very modern. But as soon

Bottoms up

as this superwoman gets wind of her bloke wanting a few jars with the lads, her werewolfesque transformation into a 1930s Salvo missionary is as breathtaking as the shrewish anger that accompanies it. One moment it's black clothes, French cigarettes and Macchiati at Luigi's deli. Next thing you know, the Modern Man has a chair in one hand and a whip in the other as She Who Must Be Treated Equally turns into a Dry Methodist version of Linda Blair on the "spin" setting.

Bossy women are bad enough but now the piety backlash has entered the inner sanctum. You can't even stand at the urinal in the Nineties pub without somebody telling you what's good for you. If it isn't the anti get-drunk posters staring a bloke in the face then it's screeds of propaganda about AIDS being a heterosexual problem; if it isn't the electric hand drier informing the Modern Man that hand towels spread Hep B then it's the breathalyser machine that will look for booze on your breath the way some looniès look for three sixes behind the ear.

And you don't have to be on the ground to experience the Nineties anti-booze culture. Only ten years ago, trans-Pacific airline flights were airborne Oktoberfests, complete with beer-soaked fisticuffs, slurred rugby songs and a non-stop supply of grog delivered faster than five Liberal Party policy shifts.



"Just the usual Mr. Walburn?"

In those days the slightest scratch of an ear would be enough to dispatch an express grog trolley to the drinker's side with a smiling lass who just *did* what she was told. But only seven years from the year 2000, the dignified travelling male who is unlucky enough to work for a company that sends people Poverty Class, finds himself on a mile-high alcohol-safari every time he needs the endangered species of QANTAS boozemeister. Which is a mystery when you consider that five drink stewards always turn up as soon as you get back from a half-hour Jasonic quest for the Golden Beer.

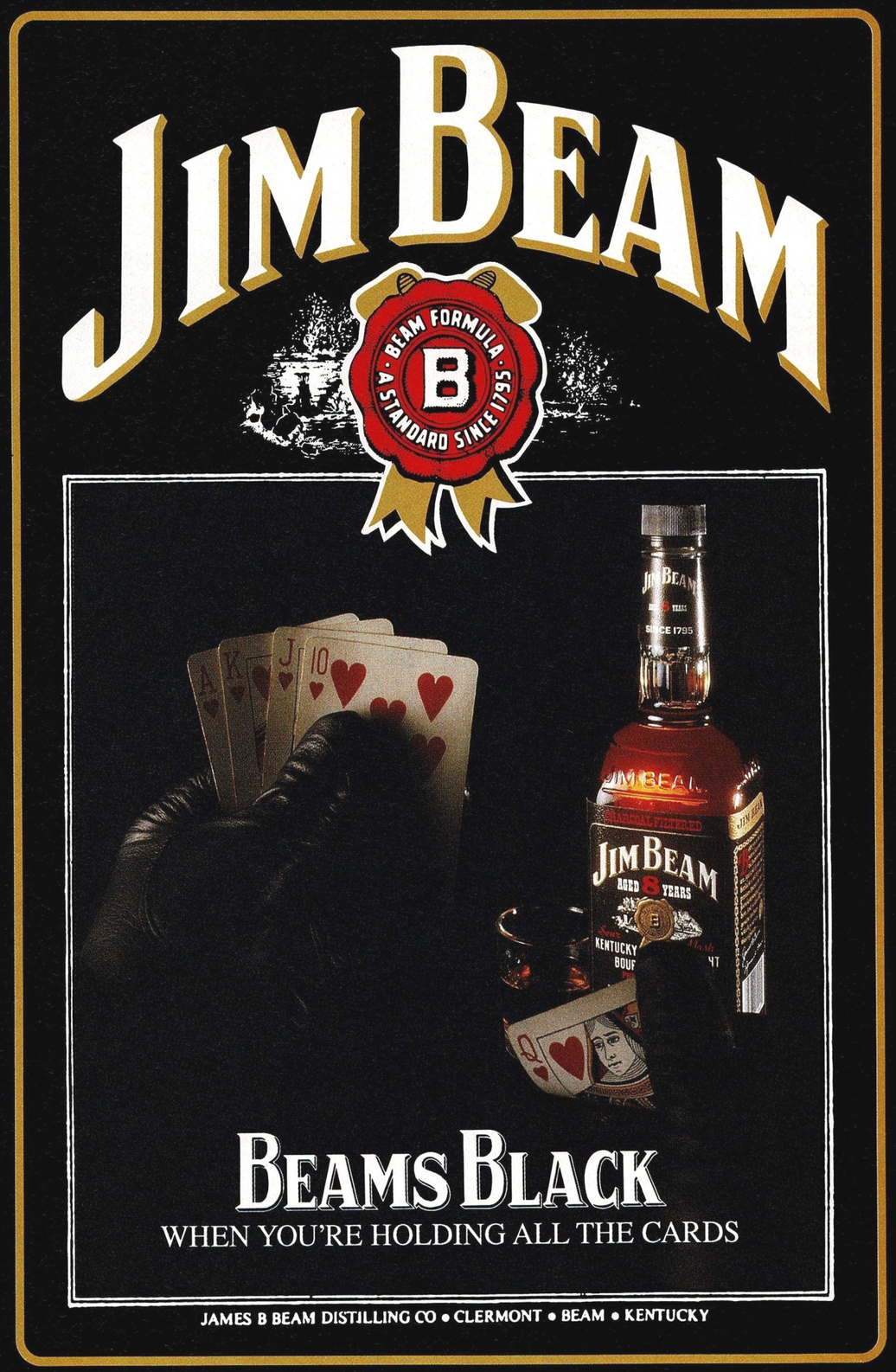
The New Age prudery has also given rise to the strange new breed of drinkers who don't drink.

Once upon a time, people drank martinis to get drunk. It was a case of gin from the freezer, glass from the fridge and don't bother with that green thing.

But Nineties wowsers sip on one martini all evening because it looks good and sounds classy. The sippers are bad enough. But an even worse breed of gutless image-pimp is the breed of gap-toothed Country Road girl who demands a martini, and then says "ooh, yuk!" after one sip and looks for a pot plant to discreetly poison.

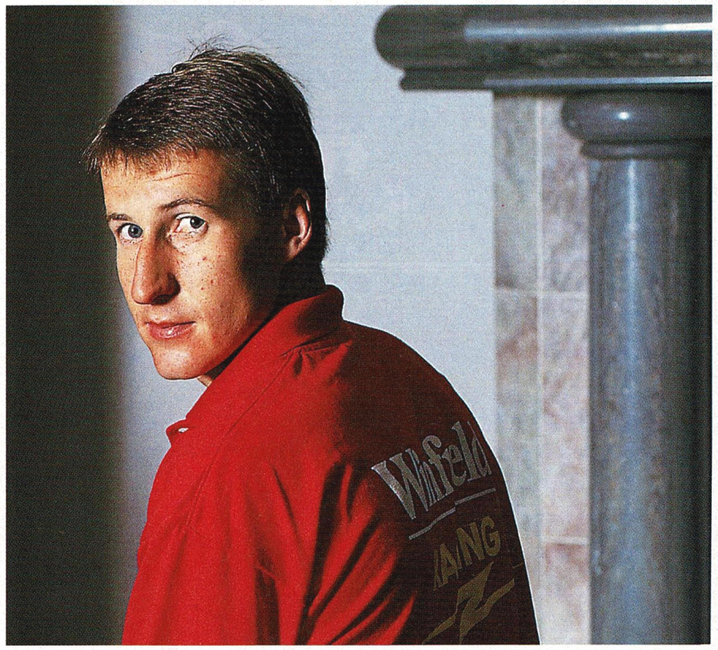
And so it goes. The Nineties drinker is so reviled that even the pubs have turned on him. What used to be a tiled temple of tippling, where the Modern Man could be with His People, is now the schizophrenic experience of eating tapas in a pokie arcade with people who don't drink. Christ, the NSW Government is so anti-booze that the Modern Man has even been banned from smoking in his local pub!

But all is not lost. Because busy bodies can find a scapegoat for anything and pass all the laws they want ... but the Modern Man will always know what he likes, and legislation doesn't stop cows farting. — *Mark Abernethy*



Mark Scaife

Australian Touring Car Champion & Bathurst winner



Photography by Vedat Acikalin

Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?
Gosford NSW (Central Coast). No, it doesn't effect who I am today.
What do you use for transport?
Nissan GTR.
What really pisses you off?
The typical Australian knocker — all the Kenny Couldabeens that haven't been "lucky" enough to succeed.
What's your favourite saying?
When the flag drops — the bullshit stops.
What was the last book you read?
Former Manly hero, Fatty Vautin's.
Who do you admire in your own field?
Overseas: Ayrton Senna (he's a genius). In Australia, most of the leading touring car drivers — we are fortunate to boast some of the best saloon car drivers in the world, eg Jim Richards.
What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?
Anything classical.
If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?
The Emperor's wage package.
What's your favourite drink?
Tooheys Red.
What makes you proud?
Lots of things — especially my family, past and present successful Australians, Gibson Motorsport and its achievements and professionalism.
Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?
Julian Clarey (Rex Mossop's mate).
Are there any vices you want to adopt?
No.
What do you sing in the shower?
Anything, but not very well according to my fiancee Belinda.
Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
To drive Formula One.
Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
Michelle Pfeiffer and Elle McPherson — I know that sounds greedy, but you asked!
What movie character would you most like to be?
Michael Douglas in *Basic Instinct*.
What is decadence?
Having a race workshop on Hamilton Island, with a crew full of local glamours. They may not be very handy around engines and gearboxes, but there has to be some other fringe benefits.
What is your worst vice?
Belinda.
What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?
Some wanker commentators, Manly losing and Nigel Mansell whinging.
How do you relax?
With friends, BBQs/Eating out, watersports and golf. Basically just cruising around without having to do anything.
What makes you embarrassed?
When I stuff something up or do something stupid — you know those dorky things we all do sometimes.
When do you lie to people?
When they've lied to me — seems funny doesn't it?
What's the sexiest thing in a woman?
Her style, her shape, her eyes and all the playground bits.
What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?
Rugby League (the chance might be one thing, the ability is the problem).
Do you regret anything?
Not giving those boofheads a mouthful on the podium at Bathurst last year — but in retrospect Richo did a pretty good job.
Have you any phobias?
Heights and snakes.
How would you describe yourself?
The world's most below-average loser.
What are you really slack about?
Things that I don't care about or find important.
What gets you down?
Waiting for decisions, politics in sport, monotony.
Where do you want to be ten years from now?
Happy and successful.

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Terminal velocity

Advanced equipment pushes Australian speed skiers closer to the edge

This is how Nick Kirschner, Australian speed skier, describes a run at Kuhtai in Austria: "You jump in, get into your tuck, and hold your skis flat. It gets very noisy very quickly. All of a sudden the noise stops, it feels smooth and you know you're flying. You pass the second timing light. You stand up and think, shit here comes the compression and all of a sudden you're out the other end and your breakfast is probably out the other end too."

Speed skiing is the most basic form of ski racing — straight down the steepest slope they can find. Speeds are measured in a 100-metre speed trap and the fastest time wins. Simple.

The skiers travel from zero to 200km/h in eight seconds — that's faster than a Porsche. At Kuhtai the whole exercise, from start to finish, from zero to 216km/h, took Kirschner 11 seconds. It's here that Kirschner clocked up 35 training runs at 200km/h plus.

"Speed skiers travel from zero to 200km/h in eight seconds — that's faster than a Porsche. . ."

"The acceleration is no different to bungy jumping. Everything happens very fast, but it feels so good you don't want to stop," says Kirschner.

How do people react when Kirschner tells them he's a speed skier?

"To start off with, people think you're a complete lunatic. When you tell someone who knows they're only allowed to do 100km/h in their car, that you're perfectly safe doing 200km/h on skis, well, they just don't believe you."

The first official world speed record was set by Leo Gasperl in 1931 who clocked 136.6km/h in St Moritz, Switzerland wearing leather boots strapped onto wooden skis and carrying bamboo poles. Since then, speeds are beyond what used to be referred to as terminal velocity.

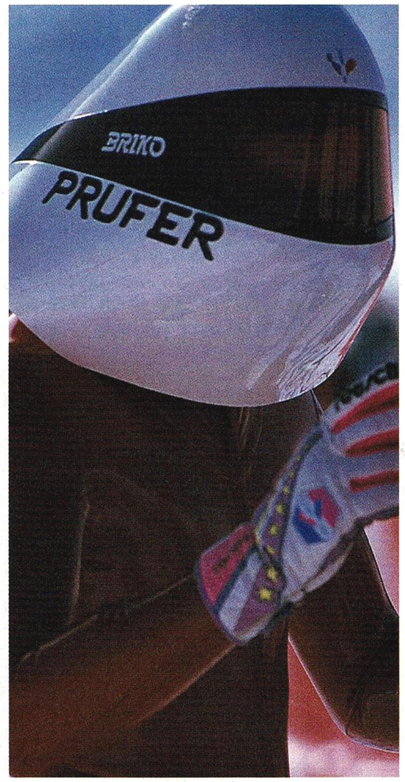
French heart specialist, Dr Michael Prufer set the current world speed record of 229.29km/h at the Albertville Olympics, beating his own previous record of 223km/h from 1988. His equipment was as different to Gasperl's as a F-111 is to the Kitty Hawk.

Prufer's slick, second-skin suit is made from rubberised cotton, impervious to the wind. This fabric was banned from downhill racing in the 1970s when the maximum speed was 130km/h, because racers continued sliding after a fall.

Prufer's aerodynamic helmet reaches his shoulders and has fins to direct the air flow down his back. It is not a safety helmet. Attached to Prufer's calves are spoilers that smooth out turbulence in the air flow behind his legs. Add ski poles bent to curve around the body and 2.4-metre skis which aren't made for turning and you begin to wonder where Prufer parked his space ship.

Contrary to popular belief, hard snow doesn't give the fastest speeds. Apparently, the snow is warmed up by a ski's friction and a layer of water droplets is formed, which acts like ball bearings and causes the skis to aquaplane. The soles of the skis are striated, not smooth, to allow the evacuation of the droplets.

Nick Kirschner trained with the Austrian team last year. "I was in good company; Franz Weber, six times World Champion, Gerhardt Pottler second fastest man on skis for years, and Harry Egger."



Photos by Margot Seares

Egger was the fastest man on the hill during the Olympic semi-final run, until he fell at 225km/h. Crashes are explosions — loose skis cartwheel four to six metres above the track, helmets fly off and the skiers roll and slide for metres. They can't stop sliding in their slick suits.

American racer Jeff Hamilton described falling like being in a frying pan. "There's so much friction, your suit melts right off. All you want to do is roll over and fry the other side."

All that Egger had to say in the finish area after his fall was, "I'm hungry let's go and eat." But it took him six weeks to get over it mentally.

"Kuhtai with the Austrians was fun," said Kirschner. "Weber brought his fitness trainer along, Arnold Schwarzenegger, who was between movies but wouldn't be tempted to try the speed course.

Weber's world speed record held for six years before Prufer broke it. What is most surprising about Weber is his comeback to speed skiing, after falling at Les Arcs in 1985 at 200km/h. It looked like he'd lost his nerve, but at Albertville he was back in the big league at 220km/h.

Kirschner is not the only Australian speed skier. Twenty-two-year-old Jean-Daniel Guerin of Melbourne holds the Australian record of 194.9km/h achieved in a World Cup race at Vars in France.

Late last year Kirschner and Guerin clocked 145km/h standing still in RMIT's wind-tunnel in Melbourne. They were able to test helmet shapes and tuck positions without getting wet or cold.

Prufer and his 40-person support team attribute a 20-percent improvement in times over the last few years to wind-tunnel training.

Refining the finest detail can make the difference between record fast and runner-up fast. Kirschner explains: "In the speed trap I turn my hands out slightly which pushes them down, which in turn pushes my whole body down. You can feel the acceleration. We're talking millimetres here. But even millimetres at 200km/h have a big effect. The difference between 180 and 230km/h is only half a second."

Nick, who teaches skiing at Thredbo says, "I suspect most skiers don't know how fast they go on the ordinary ski slopes. At the bottom of the supertrail you see guys doing 80km/h and that's dangerous because there are other people around skiing just as fast and just as out of control as they are."

Perisher Valley has the Australian speed skiing championships scheduled for September. Speeds are unlikely to exceed 150km/h, but it will still be pure, unadulterated, high-adrenalin thrills. — *Margot Seares*

On track for a showdown

Who'll take the chequered flag between Formula One and IndyCar?

It seems strange to recall that between 1950 and 1960, the Indianapolis 500 was part of the world Formula One championship.

Today, Formula One is quintessentially European while IndyCar racing is as American as a mugging in Central Park.

For more than a quarter of a century the two forms of motor racing co-habited peacefully on either side of the Atlantic.

Efforts by the commercially ravenous Formula One powerbrokers to establish a beachhead for Grand Prix racing in the United States staggered and then fell over. There were world championship races at Watkins Glen, a car park in Las Vegas, and around the streets of Long Beach, Phoenix and down-town Detroit, but none really grabbed the imagination of race fans raised on a diet of *really* close competition. Fact was, F1 was pretty damned boring. Not even Mario Andretti's success in the 1978 world championship had encouraged Americans to pay much attention to the nancy boy stuff on the other side of the pond. They didn't much fancy the racing and they liked the prissy superiority exuded by the circus even less.

Today, Formula One's top men do not realise how invisible their sport is in the United States, the world's largest motor sport market but one where the local product is supreme.

While F1 faded, IndyCars, with their accessible racing superstars and regular tight finishes, went from strength to strength in the late 1980s, despite the recession.

The series spread offshore to Australia in 1991 and there were murmurs that a Japanese promoter was interested in building a super-speedway oval for the express purpose of importing the Indycars for the pleasure of motor sport-mad locals.

These moves brought the Americans into direct conflict with Formula One, which has long regarded itself as the only genuinely international world championship open-wheeler series. Pointed suggestions were made that IndyCars should remain essentially a North American domestic series. Excursions into Canada and maybe Mexico were tolerated, but races off-shore were not on.

Among the F1 fraternity was concern that the IndyCars nabobs were keen on expansion. Australia, Japan, the world...

Then came a nasty reality; Formula One, previously believed to be impervious to any economic chilling, suddenly caught a cold. Into the 1992 season, some teams battled to make the starting grid. There were grumbles from mid-fielders about the runaway costs of participation, of trying to remain remotely competitive against the likes of Williams, McLaren, Benetton and Ferrari, the last-named reportedly luxuriating in an annual budget of US$100 million.

Out of it all, the technically superior Williams-Renault equipe was unstoppable in its charge

"Some critics suggest that if Mansell goes back to F1, IndyCars will sink back to their old level. . ."

towards the 1992 championship double header: Nigel Mansell won the driver's crown; the team the constructor's title. There were

accusations that the dominance of Williams-Renault had turned Formula One into a predictable cakewalk.

The bombshell of new world champ Nigel Mansell's defection to IndyCars for 1993 further jolted the Grand Prix scene. Suddenly, IndyCar racing had more world Grand Prix champions (Mansell, Andretti and Emerson Fittipaldi) than did Formula One (Alain Prost and Ayrton Senna).

Mansell's move to IndyCars had another immediate effect: television rights to the PPG World Series suddenly leapt five-fold in value, as networks scrambled for rights. Interest in the American brand of racing soared internationally, with Mansell attracting unprecedented European media coverage. Part of the lure of IndyCars, Mansell enthused, was the emphasis on the driver, because technology in this racing formula had been deliberately held back by strict rules.

Back in Europe, the Formula One lads were embroiled in other

Photos by John Fryz/Live Action

crises. The defending champion team Williams-Renault was one day late in lodging its entry for the '93 season, and other less-flush teams used this stuff-up to apply pressure to the hi-tech British outfit.

With some of the powerbrokers pulling strings in the background, Benetton and Minardi refused to vote in favour of Williams' entry being accepted, unless technical regulations were dramatically changed to reduce the advantages of the big-budget teams.

Ultimately, Williams was forced to buckle under as the world controlling body of motor sport, FISA, sanctioned one of the biggest shake-ups in Grand Prix history.

In a move to cut costs and stimulate closer racing, FISA reduced the practice time for all teams, and the number of tyres allowed. Pacecars, an American institution, were introduced. Tyres are also narrower this year.

Next year the changes are even more radical. FISA has banned sophisticated devices such as traction control, semi-automatic gearboxes, active suspension and anti-lock braking.

FISA, it appears, has torn a leaf straight out of the IndyCar rulebook.

At the same time, FISA seemed to be deliberately provoking a showdown with its American counterparts, foreshadowing a world championship calendar which includes oval races of up to 500 miles.

FISA has placed a high priority on getting Formula One back into the prime US market, Indianapolis Motor Speedway being the obvious target.

The Americans, who have no intention of inviting the wolf into the sheep pen, say the Europeans are either incredibly naive or stunningly arrogant in their belief they can simply sweep into the US and somehow attach themselves to the world's greatest motor race, the Indy 500.

The IndyCar folk are already sensitive about the long-standing belief, often proffered by Grand Prix people, that the American racing is a second-rate series and a retirement village for old Formula One drivers. (Mansell's crush of the regulars in his first IndyCar race, at the Gold Coast in March, only gave credence to this theory; then came his wall-banging kayoing on the oval at Phoenix, and observers began to think that American racing wasn't exactly a snack, even for reigning world champs.)

It seems the Europeans are showing signs of interest in oval

Continued on page 128

Retired hurt

Villages for the elderly are no dying breed

Illustration by Eric Valric

I have seen the future and it is not pretty. It's pretty ghastly, in fact. However, if we show a lot of good sense, we might be able to avoid it. If we don't, it's our own fault and thus we must live with it.

I'm talking about retirement villages, which is what property developers are doing with their not-so-best blocks. A symptom of our ageist society, these aggregations of old duffers have the same sort of economic logic that put all the Jews, gypsies and misfits into Hitler's concentration camps. Modern man has done it with pine trees, now we want to do it with our parents.

The truly awful thing is that many of the retirement village residents want to be there — even paying through the nose to be there.

In NSW some 9000 oldies (55 years and older) are living in designated retirement villages.

"The village's hostel will take 85 percent of your age pension. . ."

The lifestyle may be appalling but the personal economics of retirement villages are curious, to say the least. They are far from cheap — even the cheap ones.

Set-ups vary — though most are usually some form of leasehold — but the strata title home unit is the basic model. You may "own" the home, even the block upon which it is built (rarer) but you still contribute towards the rest of the village: the roads, gardens, pool, clubhouse. And there's usually a resident manager to tend the 24-hour emergency call system and, perhaps, to raise and lower the boom gates to keep out the riff-raff (the living).

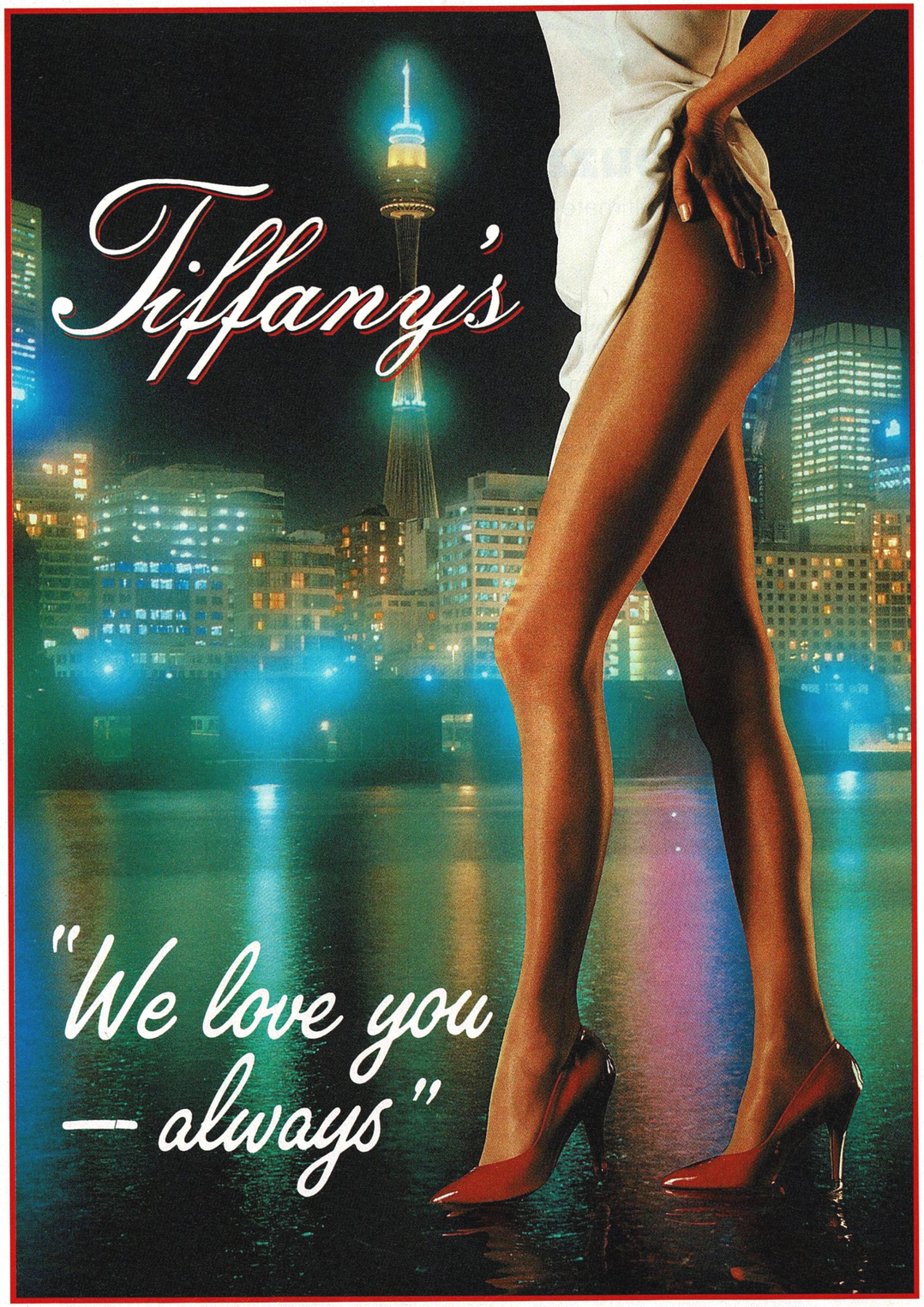
So you pay to buy your home (prefab from $60,000, brick veneer about $85,000, units about $120,000 to $250,000 plus for "luxury") and then continue to pay rent, which they call maintenance fees, of from $25 to $70 a week.

When you get less independent you may be able to move into the village's hostel, where your meals are prepared for you and served in the dining room. For that, the village management will take 85 percent of your age pension and all your rent assistance subsidy; or even more, if you have private means. Then when you're full-on gaga, they might be able to squeeze you into the village nursing home, where luckily you'll be so *non compos mentis* that you won't see how different the reality is to the glossy brochures the slick, smiling salesman showed you.

When you die, there might be something left for your heirs. Many villages charge a "deferred maintenance fee" as well — something like 2.5 percent of the original cost (the greedier ones levy this on the price obtained at your death) per year of residence to a maximum of five to 10 or 12 years (ie, 12.5 to 30 percent); and then take, say, half of any capital gain. Can you believe it? Are we little more than sophisticated ants?

I haven't even mentioned the rules of the villages, which regulate where you can park your car, what pets you can have, what you can hang in your own bloody living room.

A mate of mine reckons that if ever he gets to the point of considering living in a retirement village, he'll go out and commit a crime. "Long Bay couldn't be worse," he says, "and it's a lot cheaper." — *David Quicksilver*



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A coffee buzz

The Cafe Racer is the ultimate two-wheeled statement of urban style

If you ask the question "what type of motorcycle is the Ducati 750 SS?", the answer is easy. It's a Cafe Racer. The harder question to answer is "what exactly is a Cafe Racer?"

As a modern expression of style, the Cafe Racer is quintessentially Italian — as tasty and stimulating as good espresso, as chic and sexy as a tight red skirt, and as bold a statement of urban machismo as you are ever likely to find in a piece of machinery.

Ducati has been making bikes like this for many years and the 750 SS, along with its stablemates the 900 SS and the 900 SS Superlight, are the latest and best of a genre that the Italians have perfected but which, arguably, was created by the British.

In the Fifties and Sixties the term Cafe Racer meant, quite literally, a bike for racing from cafe to cafe along the English A roads. In those days manufacturers did not make street versions of their racing bikes, so the keen young lads of the time would modify their bikes to look, sound, and with a bit of luck, perform, like racing bikes.

The "look" and "sound" were all important. To achieve the look the handlebars had to be narrow and low, preferably "clip-ons" (stubby handgrips clamped to each fork leg), the bodywork had to be limited to a small half-fairing, which left the shining complexity of the single or twin air-cooled motor in full view, and the seat had to be hard, narrow, and if not solo, give the impression it was.

Getting the sound right was easy. Young Ginger or Mick would simply remove all obstructions from inside the exhaust system and leave a hollow pipe which acted more like an amplifier than a silencer. Here is how one tester described his experience on a BSA Gold Star: "Just keeping the engine running in town and keeping up with traffic stops conversation, rattles windows and makes cyclists forget to pedal. It's not an irritating noise, it's paralysing. More throttle makes more noise and full throttle at speed makes thinking impossible. It's difficult to avoid the impression that some part of the bike has caught on the road surface and is tearing it down the dotted line."

These original Cafe Racers also handled well and were fast by the standards of their day. Their riders formed unofficial clubs in roadside cafes which had names like the Busy Bee and the Ace. They were the bad boys of British biking. They were variously known to the establishment and the police as the Rockers, the ton-up boys and the coffee-bar cowboys.

"As a modern expression of style, the Cafe Racer is quintessentially Italian. . ."

After a few years the Cafe Racer style became so popular that manufacturers began to offer models on the showroom floor. It gradually evolved into something more than a street-legal racer and became more the "performance special" of the manufacturer's model range, as much a statement of pure style as a hard charging, quick handling machine. And as good to be seen on as it was to ride.

Photos by Henry Van Ewyk

Even Harley-Davidson deviated briefly from its line of heavyweight cruisers and tourers to release a Cafe Racer model in 1977. But the country that took it up most successfully was Italy. When it comes to matters of style, the Italians are rarely out-done. It is they who have brought the Cafe Racer to its full modern expression.

Which brings us back to the Ducati 750 SS. How does it meet the Cafe Racer criteria? First of all, this is an eye-catching bike. The engine is a V-twin with one cylinder near vertical and the other horizontal. It is air and oil cooled (the oil is pumped through a small radiator), and it's meant to be looked at.

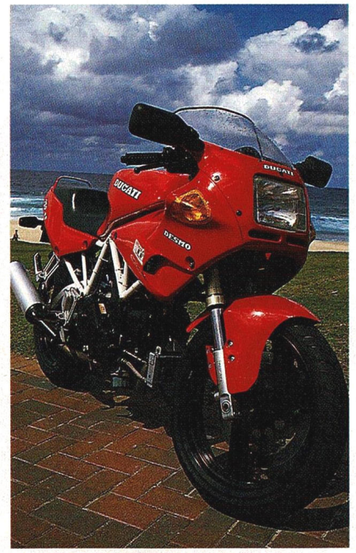
The half-fairing cuts off just above the motor to let all the mechanical details hang out — the mass of pipes, tubes, fins and bolts slung under the frame give it a "stripped-to-the-waist" appearance.

Even the spring on the monoshock rear suspension is painted yellow so the eye can pick it out from between the framework.

Apart from looking right, the Cafe Racer also has to sound right. This is something which is quite difficult to do these days with noise regulations being a little stricter than they were 30 or 20, or even 10 years ago. Ducati seem to have some inherent advantage in this department with their unique V-twins because, despite satisfying registration requirements, they generate a strong, staccato beat that quickens a rider's pulse all on its own. Twisting the throttle on the 750 SS is a more visceral experience than on some race-replica bikes that generate a lot more horsepower.

On the open road the 750 SS handles as quickly, smoothly, and sweetly as you would expect from a bike with a stiff frame and up-to-the minute suspension components. It is equipped with fashionable male slider front forks, monoshock rear end — adjustable to the rider's weight and riding style — and suspension that is set up firmly for good control and tightly held lines through corners.

In fact, as a Cafe Racer, the whole package is perfect for taking the odd 50km diversion between a couple of good espresso bars and back-to-back cappuccinos. — *Onno van Ewyk*

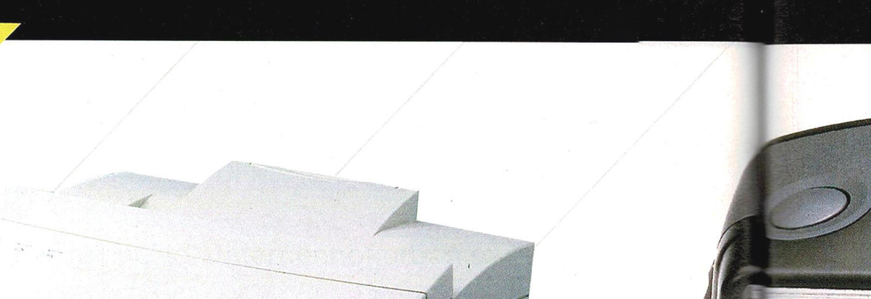


Pruning Print Prices

Not so long ago, the quality output of a laser printer cost you dearly. Now Apple has just released the LaserWriter Select 300 which sells for under $2000. It delivers 300 dpi (dot per inch) resolution and a choice of 39 scalable fonts while, in concert with Apple's PhotoGrade technology, it's capable of near-photographic reproduction. The standard tray holds 250 sheets, but 500 and 800 sheet versions are available as options. The Select 300 is compatible with any Mac computer running System 6.07 or later which has at least 1.0 MB of RAM and hard disk drive. A PostScript-compatible version, called the Select 310, is also available and costs $2295.

The Turntable, Take Two

Black vinyl appears destined to become history, but the direct drive turntable is being revived as the most stable way to play a disc. Kenwood has adopted this arrangement on its L-D1 CD player (yours for a modest $4199) which is designed to spin a compact disc with an exceptional degree of precision. Elaborate measures have been taken to eliminate any internal vibrations (the CD's worst enemy) while the main components and circuit boards are separated by 2.0mm sheet steel to prevent any interference. The L-D1 employs 1-bit Brown-Burr digital-to-analog converters which ensure extremely accurate audio reproduction. One for the discerning listener.



All The Answers

Sharp's new Ansafax UX-222 does the job of both receptionist and secretary (and, according to its maker, it's also "single, slim and stylish"). The unit only requires one telephone line and provides automatic switching between fax and phone. It also functions as an answering machine, call switcher and desktop copier. Both faxes and copies are rendered in 16 shades which enables the accurate reproduction of graphics while other convenience features include a 50-number memory and remote retrieval of messages. Around $1600 secures the UX-222's services.

Pocket Picture-Taker

Designed NOT to create a bulge in your pocket, Nikon's AF600 is claimed to be the world's smallest 35mm autofocus compact. A mere 32mm thick and just 155 grams in weight, the AF600 slips easily into the tightest spot. It has a 28mm wide-angle lens which autofocuses down to 35cm while exposure control is programmed with automatic flash operation which includes fill-in and slow speed sync modes. A red-eye reduction lamp (rather than a pre-flash) is also provided. Other features include a double shot self-timer and mid-roll switching to the panorama format. The price tag is $359 from Maxwell Optical Industries.

state of the ar

Smart Shooter

It won't win any beauty prizes, but underneath the curious looks Ricoh's Shotmaster Zoom 105 Plus is the most sophisticated 35mm compact to date. It features a 38-105mm auto zoom along with a 28mm wide-angle lens setting. Autofocusing is via a passive AF system (usually reserved for reflex cameras) while multi-zone metering provides automatic backlight compensation so it's hard to make a mistake with exposure. However, the most interesting aspect of the camera is a remote controller which not only provides a host of additional functions (multiple exposures, continuous film advance, intervalometer), but can also transmit 20-character messages for imprinting on the film.

Information Revolution

As computers steadily take on more duties, the need for an efficient system for increasing large quantities of data is increasing. A version of the compact disc called CD-ROM is providing the solution and is able to store vast amounts of information — the equivalent, say, of about 200 Robert Ludlum novels — in a small package. A number of companies are now making CD-ROM drives including Panasonic which offers both stand-alone models and units which can be installed in a PC's spare floppy disk bay. The CR-501-S, for example, is a stand-alone drive with its own power supply which plugs straight into an Apple Mac's standard SCSI port. Call Multimedia Technology for more details.

FRONT

sounds

review

PRINCE CHARLES AND KING JAMES — THE REIGNING MONARCHS OF R&B

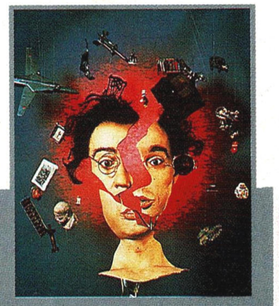
Jimmy Barnes has done a return to rock and roll after his hugely successful, if slightly airbrushed, album of soul covers. He's rediscovering the fun of strapping on an electric guitar, shaking out the slicked back hair, stepping into his leathers and turning up the *Heat* (Mushroom). His voice is so thick and gravely these days that his passionate barking delivery often wins out at the expense of any obvious melody and his enthusiasm has overflowed into 16 thumping tracks. Barnes wrote or had a hand in all the tracks, and notions of good, hard, honest (read sweaty) working and standing up for what you feel is right abound.

"*Earth & Sun & Moon* is Midnight Oil's most personable album . . ."

Other local rock gods and famous lectern thumpers **Midnight Oil** regrouped after an extended layoff for what is probably their most personable album, *Earth and Sun and Moon*. The band are in fine, often explosive, form with the acoustic and electric interplay of guitarists and instead of railing at big perceived injustices and corporate and government demons they offer more personal challenges and a sense of optimism.

From the mid-Fifties **James Brown** with his galvanising screech and powerhouse funky revue and **Ray Charles** with his more jazzy gospel, were at the forefront of popularising soulful Rhythm and Blues. Brown with his near religious exposition of the groove has had a less varied output than Charles who has strayed into varying degrees of country and big band styles. Since samples of Brown's early classic band formed the basis of many of the House and dance grooves of the last eight years it is fitting that he enlisted both the C&C crew and Jazzie B of Soul to Soul to produce his latest *Universal James*. This set is not as strong song-wise as his last album, but he performs with an unshakeable tenacity.

The title track to Charles' *My World* (Warner Brothers) is wrapped around an uptempo funky machine shuffle but he sounds loose, spirited and in control. He moves effortlessly between bluesy, swung band grooves and powering modern dance ones giving this set enough edge to make even the fashionably insecure comfortable with this eternally hip cat. — *Jeremy Cook*



ROLLING STONE

For Vincent Stone the *Situation Number 9* (Columbia) he finds himself in on his debut is the result of a lot of travel (some geographical) and a timely collaboration with the "Electric Hippies" Steve Balbi and Justin Stanley (formerly of Noiseworks). Some early single imports and a clip shot in Mexico have helped spread a cosmopolitan aura but the singer songwriter is a Sydney boy. Bass, keyboards and vocals in local acts like Passing Strangers and Cry Vision were part of his journey but working with the Hippies has been the big step forward in terms of writing and discovering his sultry, intimate delivery. Signed as a solo act, he has a recording pact with the Hippies whose pop and rock tendencies give a looseness but strong sense of song structure to his more funky leanings.

FRONT

film review

BAD TASTE EQUALS GOOD PUBLICITY

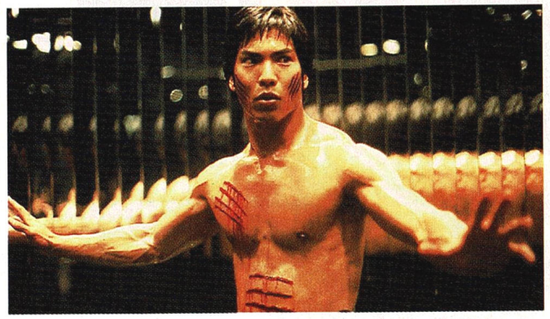
The comedy of mistaken identity is something of an old workhorse in film. So much so, it has come as a pleasant surprise to see one that got past the muted disgust such films earn when proposed.

Monty Python and *A Fish Called Wanda* star Eric Idle writes, produces and stars in **Splitting Heirs**, the story of two infants misplaced and later swapped accidentally at a wild London party.

Thirty years later Idle has grown into Tommy Patel, a commoner with seemingly no redeeming features while co-star Rick Moranis, the star of *Honey I Shrunk the Kids*, has grown into Henry, the 15th Duke of Bournemouth.

When Tommy (Idle) discovers this injustice, there is nothing he won't do to set things right — and get his hands on the title and the cash that comes with it — including planting a bullet between Henry's eyes.

Along the way he gets help from a seedy lawyer, played by former *Monty Python* co-star John Cleese, and finds trouble in the form of the Duke's over-sexed mother, played by Barbara Hershey, who steps into the role of this neurotic blue-blood bitch from hell with supreme aplomb. A neatly-woven, well-crafted comedy with some amusing scenes. Funny but not side-splitting. **1/2

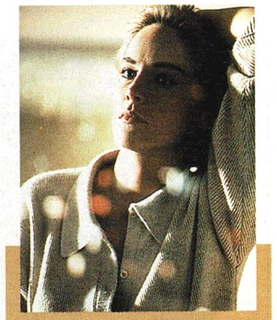


"It's set against a backdrop of spectacular kung-fu action sequences. . ."

Borne out of the genre of comedy created by the unexpected hit *Wayne's World*, **CB4** is a fairly average entry in the comic stakes that lampoons the world of rap music.

Set in the fictional and non-descript Southern Californian hamlet of Locash, *CB4* is about three childhood friends who use their rap music to escape the humdrum of this small town.

Entertaining, but not much more than a showcase for music of the Beastie Boys, Public Enemy and others. **



STONED AGAIN

Sexy Sharon Stone's encore performance with her clothes falling about the place has finally made its debut in the form of Sliver, an erotic thriller with as much arse as farce.

Stone plays a successful publisher who moves into a modern high rise "sliver" building which has, in true Hollywood tradition, been the site of several mysterious deaths.

Asleep yet? Don't worry, it gets less predictable.

When she moves in she meets two neighbours played by William Baldwin and Tom Berenger — each of whom has something to hide.

From there, everyone gets their clothes off for some serious sex and while the gratuitous "erotic thriller" elements have their way, in the background strange and threatening incidents cloud Stone's judgment.

Towards the end of the film the thriller side overtakes the erotic bits and everyone gets down for some heavy duty tension .

It's a well produced film and you'll find yourself sliding towards the edge of your seat, but at no stage will you seriously risk falling off. Good perve value. ***

If it's possible for a city and an entire industry to have a collective sense of bad timing, then Hollywood is in the bad books with **Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story**

While production was completed last year, the release comes just months after the death of Lee's son, Brandon, on a film set, and under circumstances as equally mysterious as those that surrounded the death of his father.

Based on the life of Bruce Lee, *Dragon* is the story of a man who became synonymous with martial arts around the world.

The story, one of inter-racial love and an added dash of mysticism for the story's sake, is set against a backdrop (that steps into the foreground for much of the film) of spectacular kung-fu action sequences.

Often the story is forgotten to make way for the unarmed fights-to-the-death, but to the film's credit it holds together well and should retain some appeal for anyone not interested in seeing a thousand different hand-to-hand attacks.

Directed by Rob Cohen, whose work includes *Witches of Eastwick*, *Dragon* is a strong entry but will probably draw most of its field from the publicity surrounding Brandon Lee's death.

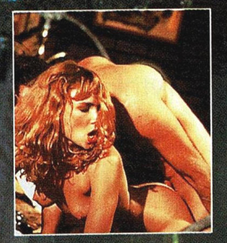
And if it pays off, it will, without a doubt, be remembered as the biggest publicity stunt of all time.

A kick in the teeth .... but a good one. **1/2 — *Ford Buchanan*

Black Label Edition Video

WISHFUL THINKING (X)

NEW RELEASE



Combine the stylish direction of Michael Craig with the erotic talents of the stunning Deidre Holland (*Chameleons*), Heather Hart and Porsche Lynn, add a little of the mystique and mystery of Aladdin's lamp and you've got the sensual, highly explicit *Wishful Thinking*.

In this 90's genie fairy tale, Andy (John Dough) accidently releases a gorgeous and loving genie (Heather Hart) from her bottle and experiences every erotic wish he could ever have had, as well as 700 years of bottled up sexual desire!

With nine blistering sex scenes all superbly photographed, a stunning cast of beautiful women and hard-bodied men— and enough heat to set any VCR on fire, *Wishful Thinking* is set to become one of the classic adult movies of the 90s.

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advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Youth springs eternal

I am a 19-year-old male who is in a steady relationship with my first lover. We are slowly learning about each other's bodies and what gives our partner pleasure. Consequently our sex life is rich, varied and exciting. The one problem I have however regards the concept of premature ejaculation, about which I read so much in the press. Often during foreplay a small amount of sticky liquid seeps out of my penis. This doesn't feel like an orgasm nor is it nearly the same volume of liquid that I normally ejaculate. Is this classified as premature ejaculation?

No, this is not premature ejaculation. Premature ejaculation is variously defined as: (a) an inability to thrust for more than five minutes without coming; (b) an inability to satisfy a woman at least fifty percent of the time; (c) inability to control the timing of one's ejaculations. What you are experiencing is what is sometimes called pre-come but is more correctly referred to as pre-ejaculate. It is a seminal fluid that doctors presume is produced to lubricate the delicate head of the penis.

Thou shalt not sin

I'm a Catholic girl who is still a virgin. I have been together with my fiance for nearly two years now and we have indulged in mutual masturbation, oral sex and other forms of sexual experimentation. In fact we have done almost everything except had full intercourse. Because we both come from strict ethnic families, there is engrained guilt about pre-marital sex. We won't be married for at least a year until we can afford the wedding, mortgage and all the other costs of setting up a home together but I don't know if I can wait that long.

Sexual intercourse is an adult act. Making choices about where, when and why you fuck is a part of the adult world. Allowing other people to dictate your sex-life suggests that you are not ready for intercourse. If you want to remain a virgin, then admit it to yourself and your boyfriend. If you want intercourse, then what are you waiting for? It's your body. But, whatever you do, don't blame your own lack of confidence on a "strict ethnic background". Face up to the decisions you have to make. That way you'll only have yourself to blame if you take the "wrong" option.

Tango trouble

I am a 40-year-old woman who has been happily married for almost 20 years and in my work as a ballroom dancing teacher at a local dance school I have encountered a problem I never thought I would have to deal with. I am hugely attracted to one of my students. His name is Pete and he is about 25. It began when I used Pete to demonstrate a dance to the rest of the class. His hard body pressing against me and his growing erection really turned me on. Since then I've been constantly fantasising about fucking him. Doing this would be a breach of professional and moral ethics but I can't get him out of my mind.

Why bother getting him out of your mind? For God's sake woman, just get him out of your class. As they say: out of sight out of mind. If you have't done this already, then it's obvous that you want to sleep with the young man. If this is the case, then why bother asking us?

Such a bitch

I love bitches. Throughout my 13 years of adult life, I have actively sought out and courted absolute bitches. I don't mean the S&M weirdo bitches who put their men in a dog suit with their nuts tied to their ankles. No, I'm talking about the girls who treat me like I treat them.
My last girlfriend was a queen bitch. When I told her I wanted to attend a dance party by my lonesome so I could "check out the talent", she threatened to sleep with a perfect stranger that night unless I took her. Of course, I ended up taking her.
And then when I started to see another girl, she very cleverly spread a rumour that I had herpes so the other girl wouldn't fuck me. It worked.
Although I like bitches, this one is, quite frankly, smarter than me and I want to get rid of her. But I'm honestly scared that she'll exact some type of totally bitchy revenge. Can you please advise?

You're probably right. If she is a real bitch, you're in for some very interesting times if you ever try to dump her. You seem to know a bit about this breed of female so you will understand that bitchy women only leave you completely alone when they are good and ready. To dump a genuine bitch takes a brave and maybe stupid man. Our advice: make her dump you, you'll never hear from her again.

Erogenous errors

I'm a 19-year-old male with a vexing issue to resolve. I had a strict upbringing and when I was given the "birds and the bees" talk, everything was explained in rather clinical terms. Consequently I know what happens and how everything works but nothing was explained to me about foreplay. I want to be a considerate and caring lover for my girlfriend so I would like a few tips to stimulate parts of her body other than the obvious. Can you guide me to some of her erogenous zones?

Why not let your girlfriend tell you what she likes. She's probably got a better idea of her erogenous zones than we do. Otherwise, the best foreplay involves Paco Rabanne, nibbling earlobes, laughter and anything by Tom Jones.

Dishonourable discharge

When my girlfriend was out of town about a week ago, I went down to the local and met this girl — what she lacked in looks she made up for in enthusiasm. Anyway we ended up back at her place for a classic one night stand. I don't have her number, she doesn't have mine and I don't think I'll ever see her again. But I think she's given me something to remember her by. There is a yellowish pus coming out of my penis and my groin area is really tender. I've been putting off having sex with my girlfriend because I don't want her to even suspect what I've been up to. Can you tell me what's wrong with me and how do I get it fixed?

See a doctor pal and don't touch your girlfriend. Yes, that's right, a doctor — one of those people who are trained to identify and treat small matters like yellow pus discharge from the penis. Without examining you, it sounds like you have a dose of the clap. In other words, you have a gonococcal infection, also known as gonorrhoea. This can be treated but gonorrhoea is highly contagious so it is important that you stop sexual activity until your doctor gives you the all clear. Penicillin (or other antibiotics for penicillin-resistant strains) is used in large doses to defeat this strong bacteria and cases of gonorrhoea can be treated in anywhere from seven to 14 days. If you have a tender groin, then the bacteria is already beginning it's march into your lymph system. Don't delay — see a doctor now.

Foot ball

My girlfriend gets off on foot sex. She finds it very stimulating when I rub her cunt with my foot. At first I found this extremely exciting, but now she asks for it all the time. She prefers my foot over my hand, mouth or even my cock. She is so obsessed with the fetish that it has become the only way she can orgasm. I have tried to talk to her about it, but she says that I am just a "180-straighty" and that I should be more flexible in sexual satisfaction. What should I do?

Judging a partner on their sexual tastes, or fetishes as you call them, can be a dangerous game. Everybody has slightly different "triggers" that lead to their sexual satisfaction. Different people are stimulated by different things and this variety is part of what makes sex as exciting as it is. If you want to try and stop these quirks in a partner then you are attempting to deny them an avenue to their own pleasure. In your case, a trade-off could be the way to handle your girlfriend. Tell you are happy to use your foot some of the time as long as you can use your penis on other occasions. If she says "no" then you can always tell her about your tinea problem; women don't like fungal growths near their vaginas.

Big bucks

Money is not meant to matter but it does to me. I like wealthy women who can buy me things and look after me. I have a good job and have my own money, but I can't stand poor women; they always seem so weak. My problem is that after going out with this woman friend of mine, being driven in a nice car to the best restaurants and skiing in Colorado, I discovered that it was all a sham and that she was just blindly spending her divorce settlement with no thought of the future. I now want to leave her because I know how poor women annoy me, but I have grown very fond of her and I really don't want to let her go. Any advice?

So you really like this girl, but you know that trying to continue with someone with no money is a dead-end street? This has either happened because you got stung once by a gold digger, or because you like the freedom of money. Whatever the reason, you know how your mind works better than we do, so you would be foolish to listen to us say "money doesn't matter" when you know it does.

Clean break

I am a 25-year-old male. I work in a large company and I consider myself well rounded and pretty emotionally in touch. However, four months ago I met a really attractive girl and fell head over heels in love with her. We were highly compatible, we had similar senses of humour, we liked the same music and books and our tastes were similar enough to be stimulating, but different enough to be interesting. I was really planning on a long-term relationship with this woman, I thought everything was going well and then, out of the blue, she dumped me.
Her decision was a real suprise for me and needless to say I was pretty hurt by the whole thing. What got to me the most was the fact that she said the reason behind her decision was that I loved her too much and that she didn't love me enough. If I had been an inconsiderate bastard who did not express my feelings, show affection or give of myself emotionally I could understand her wanting to break it off to find someone who treated her differently. How do I react to being dumped because I love someone too much?

This is one of those problems that is best considered in the light of the old saying about time healing all wounds. Often two people may genuinely have deep and substantial feelings for one another but sometimes they are simply not ready for a relationship. At least she was honest enough to tell you the truth and you know that you gave it your best shot.

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FOR THE RECORD

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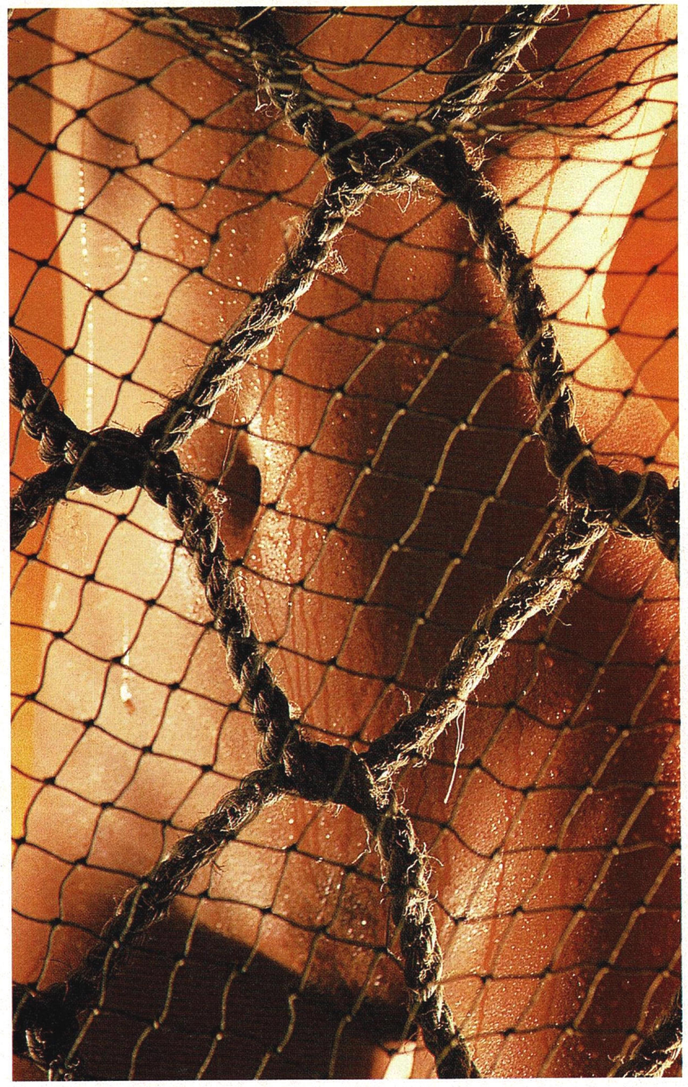


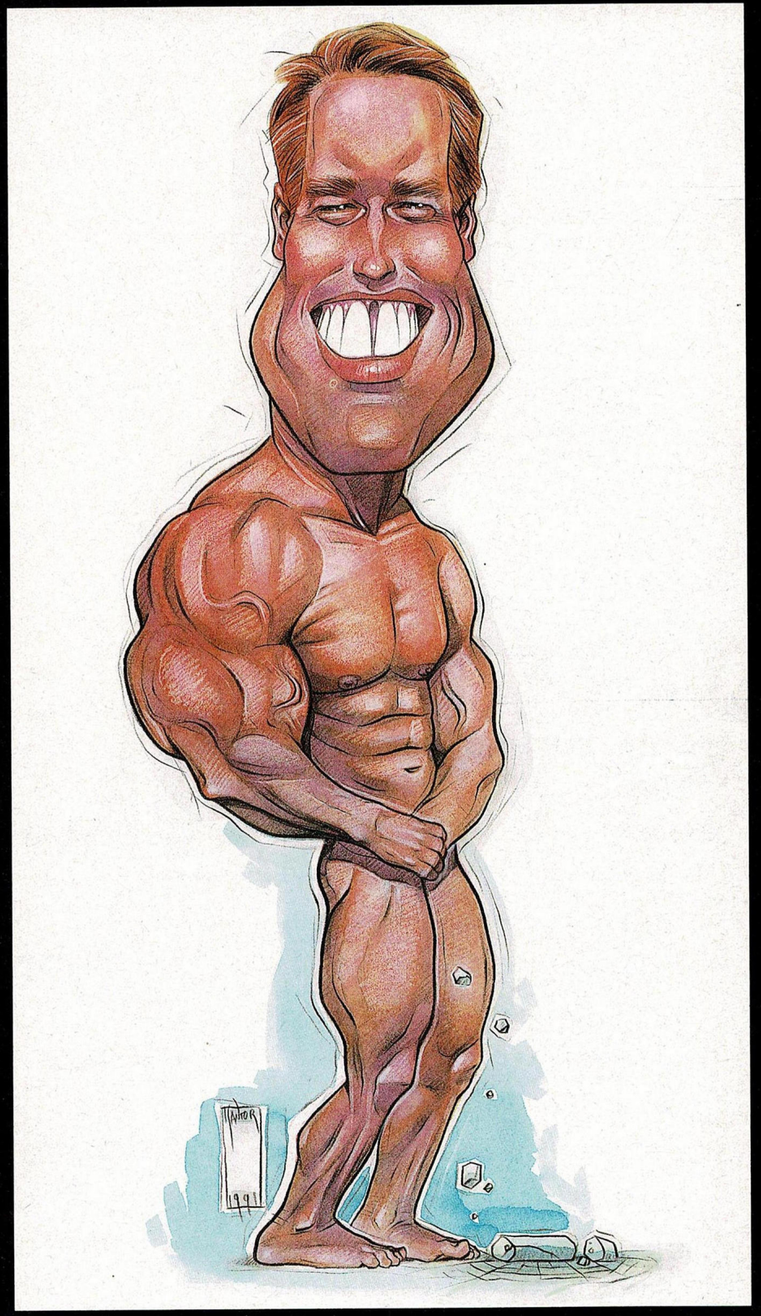
Candy Morris is a 21-year-old recording engineer who works in the studio with rock bands as they record albums. Candy, who says she has always been a music freak, got into the business after one of her boyfriends who was a musician took her along to the studio. He is no longer around but Candy is still in the studio.

Candy finds men with artistic passion and drive a real turn-on and says that musicians with elaborate visions and interminable drive make her go weak at the knees.

"I know it's a cliche but sex and music go hand in hand for me. When I'm making love, I really like having music playing. If it's wild and passionate sex, I like listening to the Rolling Stones, but if it's gentle and sensual I like the classics like Beethoven. But my ultimate sex music has to be the opera, *La Boheme*."

Candy has no ambition to record her own music and is content to simply bring out the best in others. “I approach my men in the same way. I’m not interested in being a superstar but I’m quite taken with the idea of creating one.”

KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Arnold Schwarzenegger

BY PAUL B. KIDD

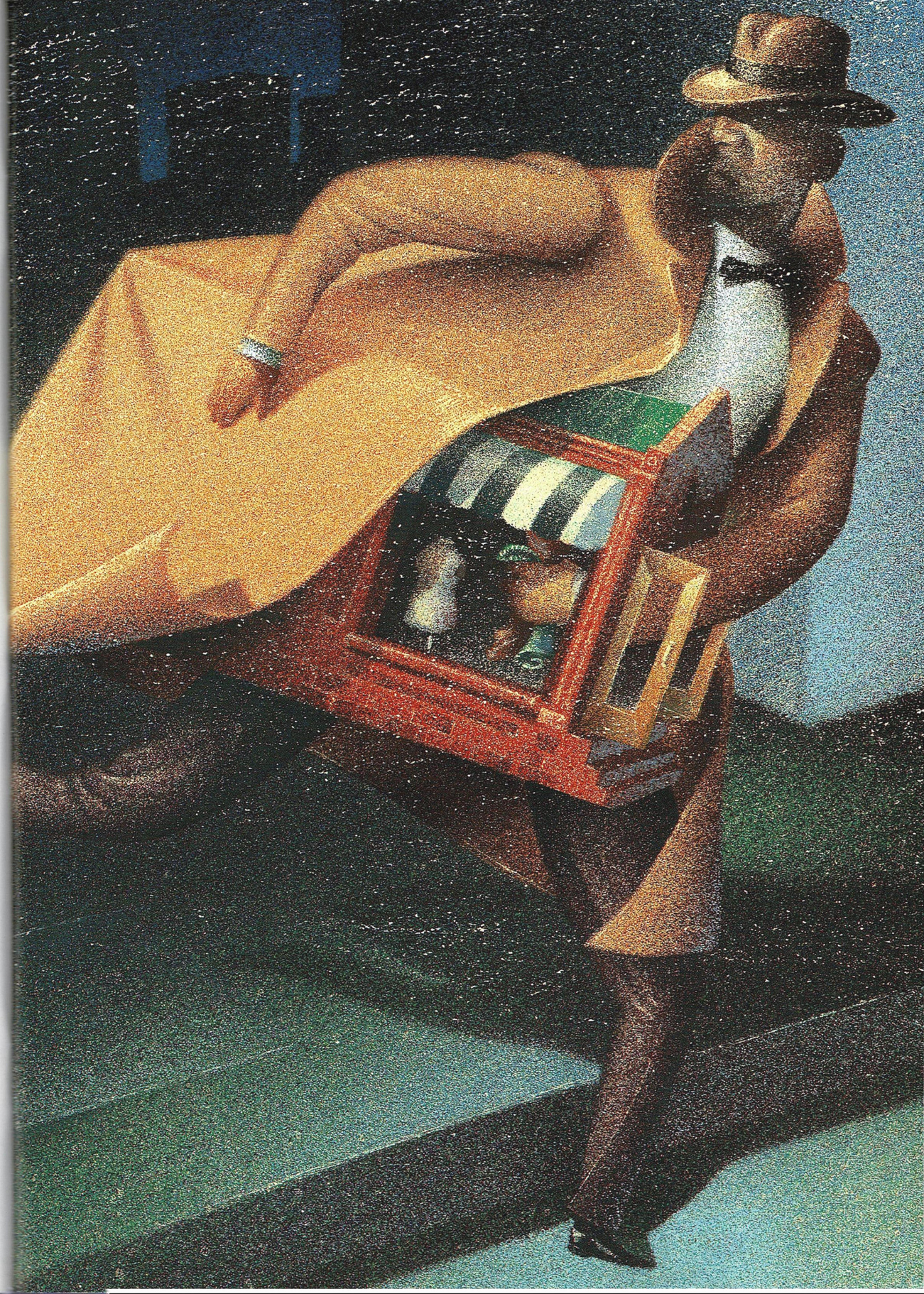
ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

BORN TO STEAL

Shoplifting has become Australia's national pastime

The magistrate had seen it all before. But while he could express no emotion at the sideshow before him, he had to concede that it was one of the best acts in town. To the uninitiated, it was certainly convincing. "Hydraulics" (they reckon he can lift anything) was doing his thing.

The old shoplifter's form guide was as long as the first act out of *Quo Vadis.* He had been lifting gear and getting pinched for it since 1945. Old Hydro was no stranger to the courts. He always maintained that he was in the iron and steel business. Around the pubs he would tell anyone who'd listen that the missus did the ironing and he did the stealing.



Shoplifting

"I'm an old-aged pensioner, totally illiterate and almost blind," the aging conman pleaded to the magistrate. "I only took a couple of things to sell so I could feed myself and my sick wife. Give me a break your honour."

The beak looked over his bi-focals at the prisoner in his well-prepared court outfit — a ragged suit peppered with cigarette burns, crumpled shirt and unshined shoes without laces. The beak wasn't convinced. But he had to agree that Hydraulics certainly looked the part, though it in no way resembled the outfit he was wearing when he was nicked.

"If you have fallen on such hard times," the magistrate inquired, "then what were you doing in the possession of ten Giorgio Armani suits, four Ermenegildo Zegna jackets, eight pair of handmade Bally shoes and 30 Christian Dior silk ties when you were arrested? And I'm led to believe that you were wearing an outfit comprising of some of these expensive garments plus a bowler hat, a carnation in your lapel and you were carrying a gold-tipped cane. That's hardly the attire of a poor, old pensioner."

Amid protests that he was minding the gear for someone else and couldn't read the labels, Hydro was taken away for yet another lagging. He would be out in a few months and straight back on the job. It was all part of what Hydraulics did for a living and he accepted it. He was one of many members of an organised shoplifting gang that specialised in stealing only the best brand names. His associates would look after his family while he was inside, just like workers compensation.

But while these farces go on in the courts around the country daily, retailers are finding it less and less amusing as their profits dwindle to an industry that now has a turnover in the vicinity of $1 billion dollars a year.

And there would appear to be no end to it. It is almost as though it's every Australian's God-given right to buy something that fell off the back of a truck. And if you know where to look, like the local pub or club, there's always something on offer.

This is the life-blood of the shoplifter, the willingness of the general public to buy hot goods. And it is on the increase.

One inner-city Sydney hotel had become so notorious for its clientele buying and selling hot gear, that the cops warned the publican that if he didn't put a stop to it that they would close him down. At one stage, it was almost impossible to get into the toilet for the guys in there trying on gear.

The latest figures released in April, 1992, by the NSW Bureau of Crime Statistics show that for the three-year period from 1989 to 1991, there were 66,347 cases of shoplifting and shoplifting related charges heard before the courts for a total value of $38,624,365 worth of goods stolen in NSW alone. And that's just the people who have been caught.

The biggest losers were the department stores with more than 29 percent of the annual turnover of convicted shoplifters coming from their shelves. Next were service stations with 11.2 percent and supermarkets with 10.1 percent. Other regularly targeted businesses include specialised clothing stores, milk bars, newsagents/bookshops, chemists, video hire outlets, hardware shops, jewellery shops, butchers and sex shops.

Of the 3793 convictions of adults of larceny by shop stealing in 1990, 51.1 percent were male and 48.9 percent were female. Only 192 of them were sent to prison while the rest were either fined (2365), granted recognisance without supervision or conviction (656), granted recognisance with supervision, periodic detention or community service order (296) or received no recorded conviction (270).

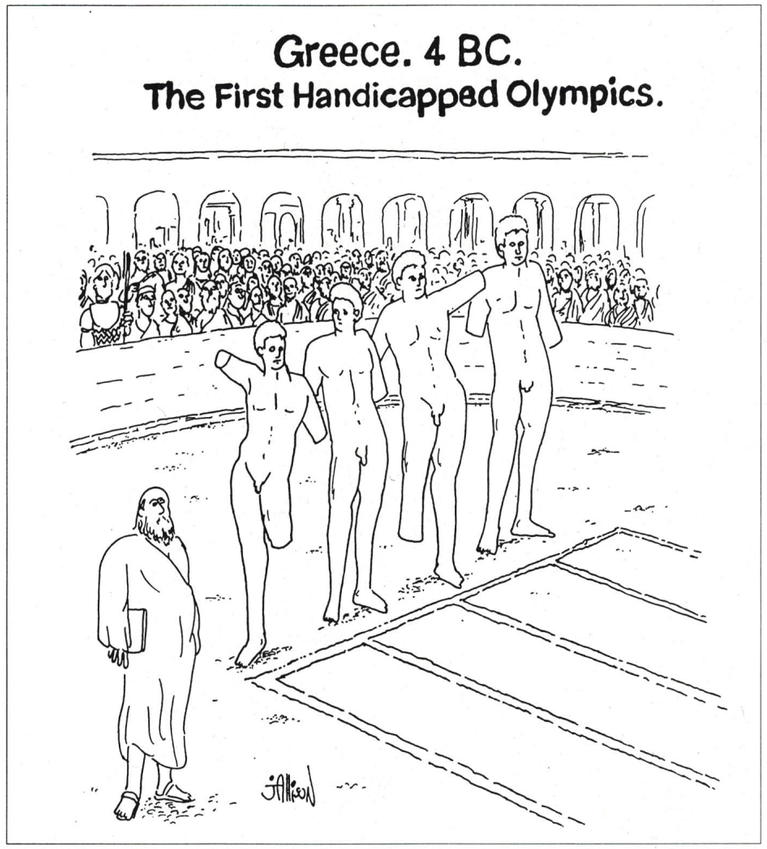
Curiously enough, the lowest of these figures is that of imprisonment, which would be a pretty fair indication of what the law seems to think of the great old Australian pastime of shoplifting.

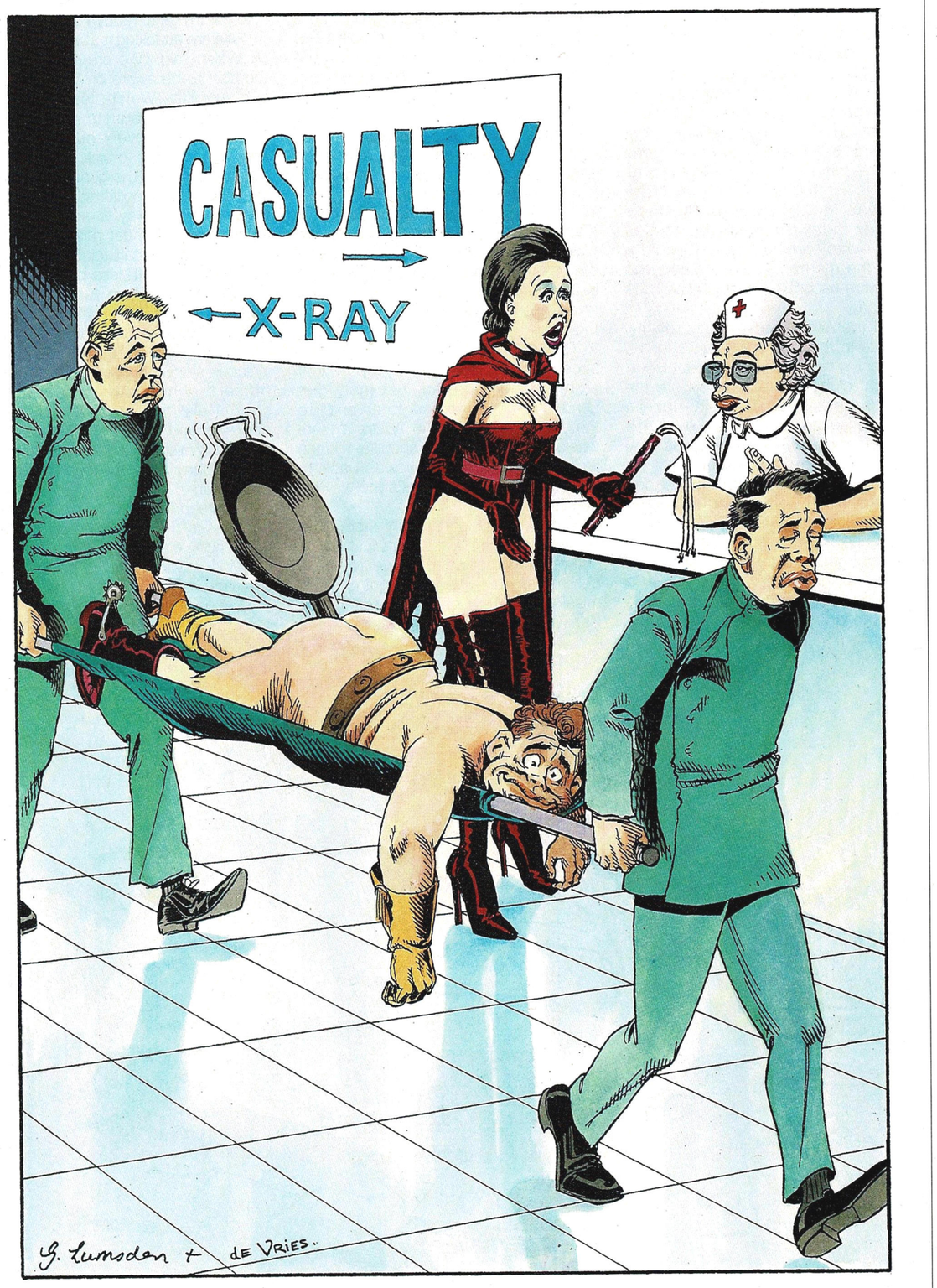
Australians have the dubious reputation of being the best shoplifters in the world. This no doubt stems from the halcyon days of the early Sixties when the notorious "Kangaroo Gang" took to London like a plague of locusts and cleaned out the shelves and clothing racks of Harrods, Fortnum and Mason, Austin Reeds, Selfridges and the House of Dunhill for almost every bit of clothing, and jewellery that they had.

The gang consisted of about 20 Australians, most of whom had skipped bail back home, usually for shoplifting, and were lying low in the Bayswater district of London in places like the Court Club in Inverness Terrace.

A member of the gang described London in the early Sixties as an Aladdin's Cave full of shops just waiting to be robbed. He says that the Poms were so naive to theft in those days that he went to Sotheby's prior to a jewellery auction to have a look at what there was to pilfer. As he was browsing, one of the ushers handed him a five carat diamond ring to examine and walked on. He slipped it into his pocket and walked out. It was as simple as that.

From then on, Sotheby's became a prime target for jewellery. Their favourite method of shoplifting was called "head pulling" where a female accomplice with big tits would go in first and distract the





"It's an emergency, sister . . . I've got guests coming round in half an hour for Chinese stir-fry . . ."

Shoplifting

male attendant while the gang moved in and nicked what they could from the display cabinets.

But it was the huge department store, Harrods, that copped the biggest hiding. The shoppies used to run competitions and bet on who could get the most full-length cashmere coats out in one day. The winner wore out eight in as many trips at 200 quid a coat. All of the gear was fenced through the local cockney lads. So while the rest of London was earning about 19 quid a week, the members of the Kangaroo Gang were each taking home about 200 quid a day.

And the Aussies spent accordingly. They ate in the best restaurants, drank the finest wines, had the best tables at the night clubs and naturally, wore the best clothes. Tales of the Kangaroo Gang are legend. Old timers will tell you that they got away with it because they were so brazen and willing to try anything, like stealing the up-market and rare animals that were for sale at the Pet Shop in Harrods. French poodles and chihuahuas were easy to pinch as they would snuggle up under the shoppies coat and avoid detection.

But the classic of them all would have to be the day they nicked the chimpanzee. An ex-army colonel had a private zoo in Sussex and he badly wanted a chimp but didn't want to pay the outrageous price that Harrods were asking. So he called in the shoppies. But how do you get a baby chimpanzee out of a department store without anyone noticing?

Simple. The same way you would get an ordinary baby out. In a pram. With a "mother" at the wheel, they opened the cage, slipped the chimp out, wrapped it in a shawl, stuck a bottle in its gob, put it in the pram and wheeled it out the front door. The little old ladies in the lift on the way down couldn't help but wonder if the beautiful little baby that they admired in the pram was either a West Indian kid or a white one with whiskers and a suntan.

By 1970 anyone with an Aussie accent couldn't get into a department store (or any store for that matter) in London so the rort came to an end. To the dismay of retailers in Australia there was an influx of the best shoplifters in the world returning home. It was back to business as usual and that's the way it's been ever since.

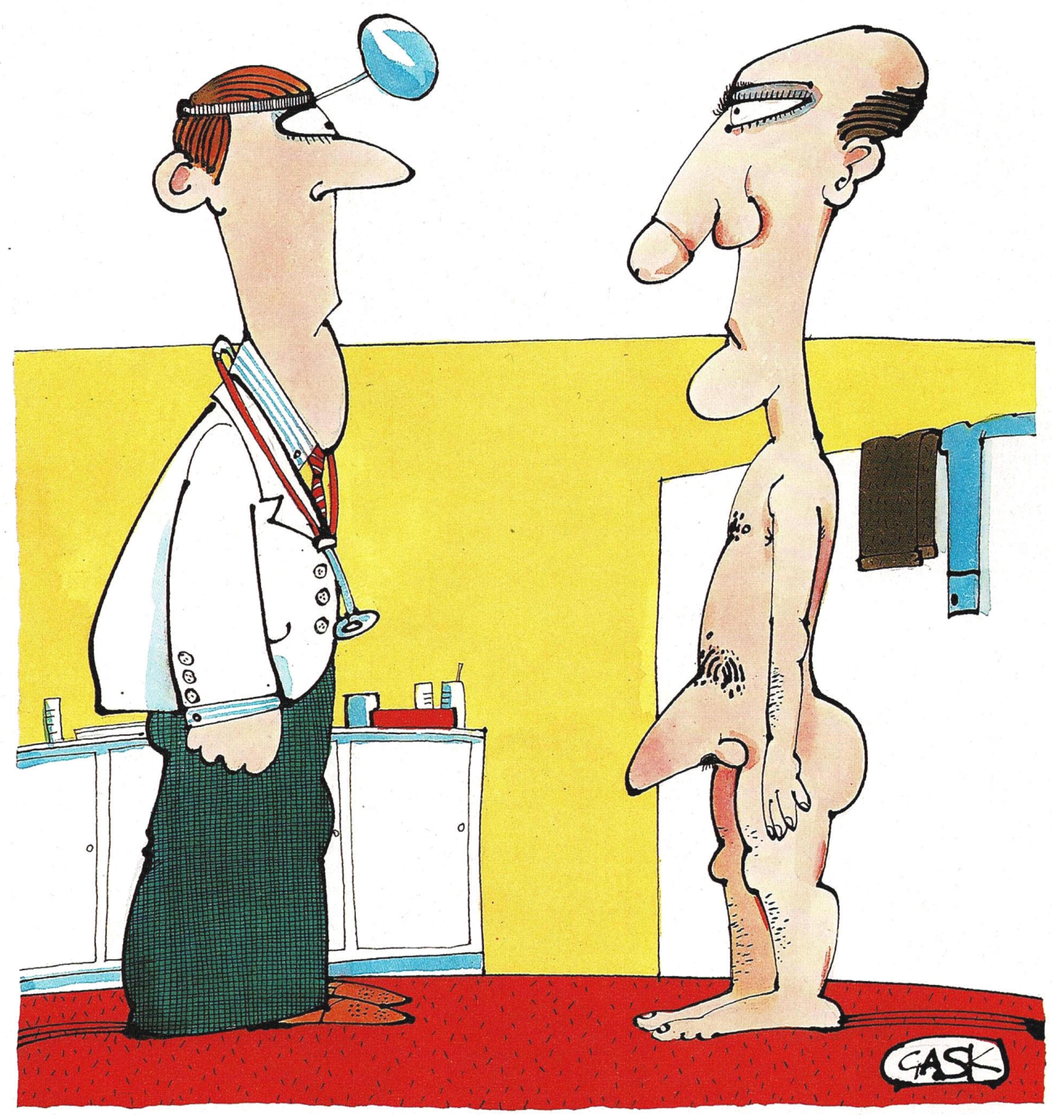
But the major department stores, the main target of thieves, don't just cop it sweet and accept that two to three percent of their goods are going to go missing, courtesy of the shoplifters. Mr Ken Walsh, General Manager of Loss Prevention for the 72 Myer/Grace Bros stores across Australia says that his group are continually doing new and different things to reduce theft.

"We are attacking it at a cultural level," Mr Walsh said. "We are educating all of the staff to be aware of what to look for in a shoplifter. We are teaching them to look after the products and to try and 'sell' goods to every customer rather than wait for them to pick it out and bring it to the counter. The genuine customers love it, but the shoplifters hate being sold to and will go away to somewhere else where they don't get hassled. Naturally you need more staff for this 'hands on' approach, but with less pilfering there is more profit which in turn can pay for more staff."

As it is, the Myer/Grace Bros group has over 30,000 employees which includes several hundred loss prevention officers who catch about 6500 shoplifters out of the 150,000 apprehended across the country each year. Mr Walsh says that shoplifters cost his company well in excess of $20 million a year.

In a report for the Australian Institute of Crime in the mid-Eighties, Mr Dennis Challenger claimed that the Australian retail industry lost about a billion dollars a year across the board at the hands of

Continued on page 96



Hair Apparent

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

With her lush, shiny hair tumbling down her tanned, lithe back, hairdresser Theresa Carpenter draws attention to herself wherever she goes. At 24, Theresa is no ordinary snip and cut stylist, but the heir to a large chain of hairdressers.

"I love the feeling of hair, it's incredibly sensual. The texture, the scent and the way it moves are all incredibly arousing and a long-haired man will invariably grab my attention."

The lovely Theresa spends her day supervising proceedings at a number of salons but still makes sure she keeps her hand in.
"If an attractive man comes in for a haircut, I'll immediately step in to do the job and dispatch one of my staff to another client — that's one of the perks of seniority.

"I love the feeling of a man's hair when I'm washing it. It's a highly sensual experience for both me and my client."
Theresa believes in maintaining a healthy mind as well as healthy body and in her spare time studies history at a local college. Although with her inheritance waiting in the wings it looks like her future is in hair.

Loe Act

Richard Loe's on-field behaviour has disgraced the black jersey

The locals are out *en masse* at Blackrock Rugby Club, just a Guinness or three from the heart of Dublin. So too are around 300 Kiwis who have travelled to the other side of the globe in the hope of witnessing the All Blacks retain the World Cup.

The Lansdowne Road semi-final against Australia is just two days away and the All Blacks have been put through the hoop at training and are winding down with a game of touch football. Physiotherapist Dave Abercrombie is roped in to help make up the numbers.

BY TREVOR McKEWEN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FOTOPACIFIC/LIVE ACTION

Loe act

A bored New Zealand press contingent look on, struggling to maintain interest after a particularly intense night.

Suddenly there is reason for attention. Abercrombie, all 70kgs of him, pushes Loe. The 110kg forward pushes him back, harder. The alarm bells start to tingle among the hacks. Hangovers are forgotten. Abercrombie kicks out at Loe. The journos hold their breath as 187cm Loe charges at the small-framed physio, intent on inflicting some serious physical damage. But co-coach John Hart gets there first, slipping in between the pair and deftly defusing the situation with a touch of good humour.

The pressmen discuss the scene among themselves. To report or not to report. We decide against it. After all, it was only a minor, nobody got hurt, and hey, we wanna beat those bloody Australians don't we? But as we drive back into Dublin, an uneasy feeling thumps at the back of my head along with the Guinness-inspired hangover. Geez, I dunno about Richard Loe. He's a loose cannon if I ever saw one.

Now, 18 months on, I wonder if we had made a big enough deal about the Blackrock incident, perhaps Sam Scott-Young would have one less scar on his face, Paul Carroza wouldn't have a crooked beak and Greg Cooper would never have had to worry about his eyesight.

Then again probably not. Because when it comes to arrogance, Richard Loe corners the market. A man of such immense strength, often seen burrowing into mauls, shoving aside 18-stone forwards and ripping the ball from the clutches of the opposition, Loe has been the cornerstone of the All Black forward pack for the past two-and-a-half years.

In the murky world of confrontational rugby, where front-rowers earn their badges of honour by consistently putting their bodies on the line and their backs into real scrums, he is regarded as among the best three in his position in the world.

Props usually don't score tries. Loe does. In fact, no prop in the staggeringly successful 100-year history of All Black rugby has scored more for their country. Whatever else is said about him, Richard Loe is a very, very good rugby player. He's also experienced for his 33 years, having played 63 games in black (38 tests) to make him the most capped New Zealand prop after Auckland's Steve McDowell.

"The man is a cheap shot merchant and he has disgraced the black jersey"

But there's another reason why you would rather have Richard Loe in your team than among the opposition: self-preservation.

One leading player told me his greatest fear was being caught pinned and defenceless at the bottom of a rugby ruck with Loe. He asked for anonymity. Hardly surprising. After all, Loe intends to play rugby again when he ends his six-month suspension for gouging the eyes of Otago fullback Greg Cooper in the New Zealand First Division Championship final last September.

And in case you think Loe is a respecter of persons, one should remember that Cooper was an All Black team mate against the World XV and Ireland just a few months earlier.

Complicating the picture is the off-field Richard Loe. A father of two young daughters and successful farmer in the Waikato region 100km south of Auckland, those close to him paint an image far removed from the view most Australians and New Zealanders hold. His most staunch defender is Waikato coach Kevin Greene. While he admits Loe's "self-discipline has let him down on occasions", Greene maintains the suspension is inconsistent compared with other sentences handed out over the past two years.

"I also see other sides of Richard Loe that the general public don't," he says. "Like the day he wheeled a terribly deformed guy into the changing rooms after a match and told everybody to shut up so this guy could have a chance to talk to the players."

But regardless of his off-field alms, the reality is that Loe has long walked a rugby tightrope. During *Penthouse's* investigations, we were informed of two previously unreported allegations of serious foul play against Loe. Several Wallabies, including Tony Daly, spoke of a match against Waikato in New Zealand on the 1986 Wallaby tour where Australian lock Jim McInerney was forced off the field with a hole in his leg "so big you could put your fist in it."

Former Wallaby fullback Andrew Leeds, now playing Winfield Cup Rugby League with Western Suburbs, also confirmed an ugly injury he suffered in the third Bledisloe Cup Test in 1988 when he was forced from the field as the result of a rucking from Loe. "You couldn't tell from the video but it was him alright," maintains Leeds. "He caught me at the bottom of a ruck and opened my inner thigh right up. Twenty-five stitches worth. There was only ten minutes to go and the All Blacks were well ahead. It was no accident. And I was nowhere near the ball. Put it this way, I wasn't surprised about what happened last year. I knew what he was like."

Tony Daly made his Wallaby debut at Auckland's Eden Park in 1989. Finding himself marking Loe, he admits to having been apprehensive. "I knew of his reputation even back then," says the powerful Sydney prop. "He's always been regarded as a tough customer. But as he's gone on in his career, he's turned into an even dirtier and slimier player."

Loe was also strongly castigated in New Zealand several seasons ago when he decked Auckland and All Black five-eight Grant Fox with a coathanger tackle and repeated the near-decapitation on

Loe act

fellow All Black frontrower, Steve McDowell, last year.

His supporters explain away such incidents by describing Loe as "clumsy." Not since Malcolm Fraser was described as "charismatic" has an adjective been stretched as far.

The suspension Loe is currently serving should have happened a long time ago, and it's an indictment on New Zealand Rugby that he got away with so much for so long.

To get a handle on Loe and his attitude towards Australians, you have to understand the current All Black pysche. Between 1987 and mid-1990, the men who wear the silver fern were unbeaten. Beginning with the first ever World Cup, they played sublime 15-man football, setting a benchmark for the game and establishing the longest winning streak in the history of rugby.

But in 1990, just a year away from their defence of the World Cup, things began to come unstuck for the mighty men in black. And trouble wore a yellow jumper.

Australian coach Bob Dwyer brought a young Wallaby side to New Zealand full of green but potentially brilliant players like Tim Horan, Phil Kearns and Willie Ofahengaue, held together by an inspirational captain in Nick Farr-Jones, possessing a footballing genius named David Campese and driven by the perfectionist coach Bob Dwyer.

The Wallabies were soundly beaten in the first two Test matches but shocked the All Blacks in the third, thumping the champions 21-9. The veneer of invincibility had been shattered by a Wallaby outfit that hinted at enormous potential. A year later, at the end of World Cup semi-final week in Dublin, an ageing All Black team, including Loe, found itself bounced out of a tournament it was desperate to win. Again, their nemesis was the Australian side.

Now fast forward to 1992. New coach, new game and a whole bunch of new players. But Loe is still there. And, be warned Australia, New Zealand doesn't take kindly to being supplanted as the world's best rugby team.

It's against this backdrop that the All Black tour of Australia began. When the Kiwis impressively raced through the early games of the tour and then walloped a New South Wales side containing seven Wallabies 41-9, there were distinct pangs of anxiety emanating from an Australian camp determined to add the Bledisloe Cup, symbol of trans-Tasman supremacy, to the bulging trophy room.

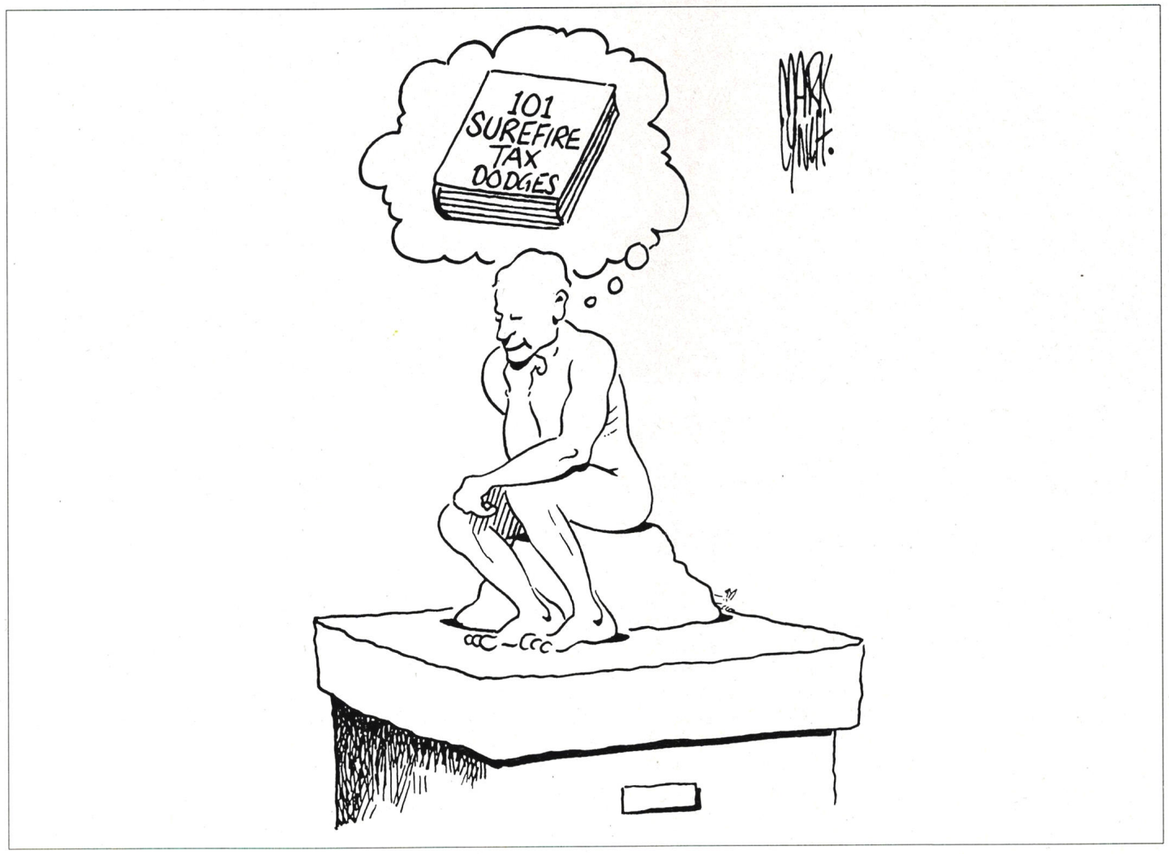
The victory over NSW featured some bruising play. To the New Zealanders, it was just hard, uncompromising rugby. Indeed, dispassionate observers like former Wallaby captain Andrew Slack almost contemptuously dismissed the mumbles that surfaced in the media after the match.

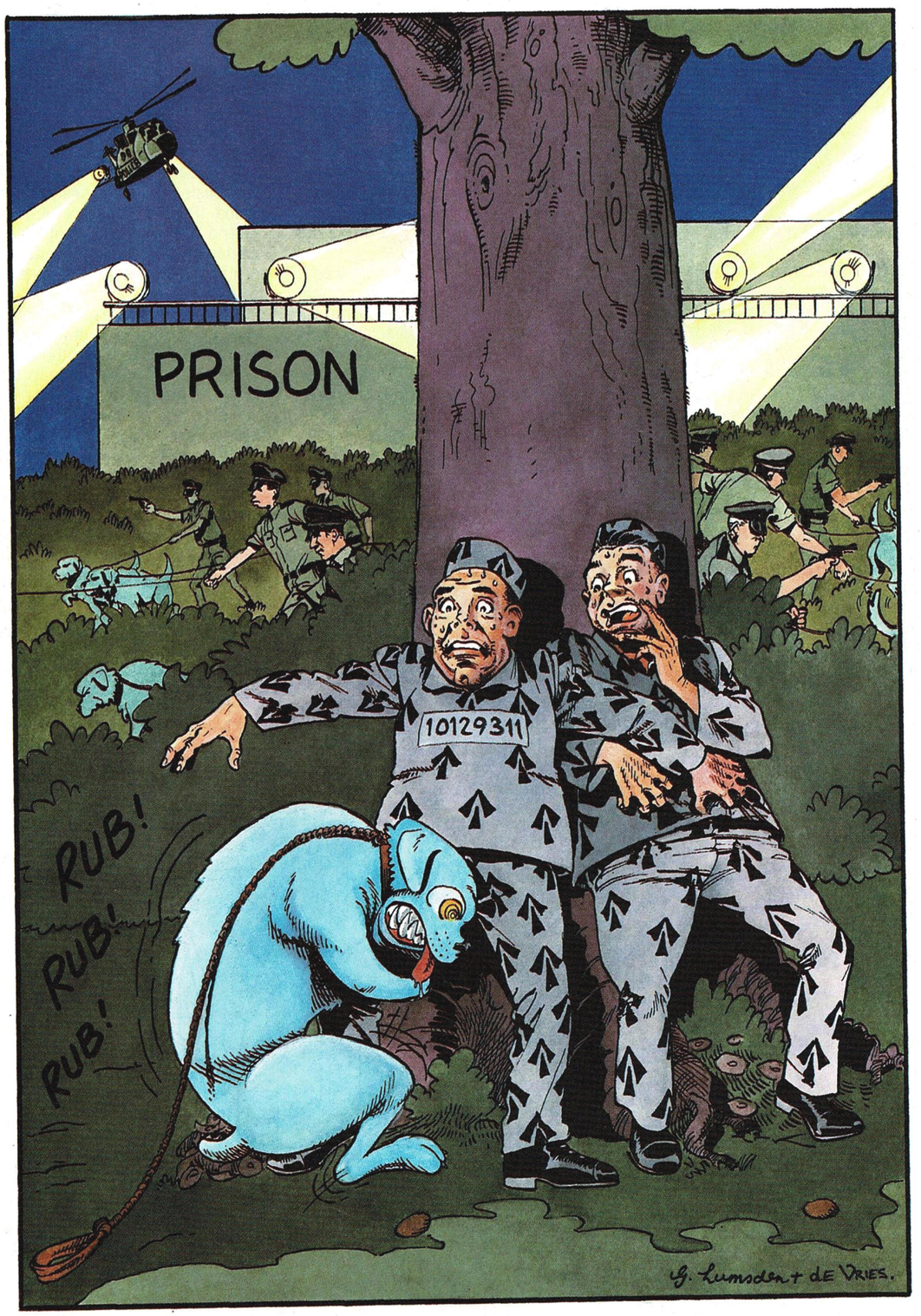
All Black coach Laurie Mains viewed it differently. He quickly became convinced a media campaign was being mounted to throw his fast-improving team off its stride before the crucial first Test.

Some players shared that opinion. Those who had suffered defeat at the hands of Australia in the World Cup the year before perhaps felt very strongly about it.

During that pulsating first Test, won by a single point by Australia, Wallaby lock Sam Scott-Young found himself lying on the Sydney Football Stadium turf on the wrong side of an All Black ruck. Scott-Young is a likeable extrovert with a tendency to shoot his mouth off. Most of the All Blacks simply think he's a dickhead. Loe charged in to join the mass of bodies and planted his size 11 Mizuno boot smack in the middle of Scott-Young's face. The Queenslander got 16 stitches in his head after being helped from the field with his head swathed in blood.

The second Test in Brisbane two weeks later featured an All Black side desperate to square the series and feeling the heat from an Australian media over the Scott-Young episode. Wallaby





". . . For God's sake, fake an orgasm!"

Loe act

winger Paul Carozza touched down for a crucial try just before halftime. Loe, arriving late after All Black fullback John Timu had turned Carozza on his back in a despairing bid to stop the Australian grounding the ball, planted an elbow as thick as a Christmas ham on the Wallaby's face, spreading the poor bugger's nose flatter than Kylie Minogue's bust. Loe-bashing by the Australian media reached fever pitch but the All Black management still refused to discipline the man they call "Lowie".

Much has been made of the All Black management's and New Zealand Rugby Football Union's refusal to suspend or even discipline Loe for his cowardly attack on Carozza. The team management, who had earlier cleared Loe of any wrongdoing over the Scott-Young affair, had become insular and referred the incident to the NZRFU back in Wellington. To their eternal shame, the NZRFU declared Loe should be given the benefit of the doubt. It's hardly surprising then that Loe failed to learn his lesson.

Following the inexcusable non-action of Kiwi rugby officials, he obviously began to believe he could get away with almost anything. But for the eagle eye of a young female technician from Television New Zealand, he might have.

Immediately after the live coverage of the Waikato-Otago national championship final in Hamilton, there were rumblings in the Otago dressing room about an eye-gouging incident which had forced fullback Greg Cooper, the team's most valuable player, from the field just 15 minutes into the game.

The TVNZ girl remembered seeing something during a ground camera shot which didn't end up on screen. The TV boffins raced though the tapes. There it was, clear as day ... in the midst of a maul, Loe with his fingers gouging away at the eyes of Cooper who is crying out in agony.

The footage, screened to more than a million viewers as the lead item on that night's six o'clock news, was damning. The excrement hit the air circulation system. The issue was particularly sensitive in Otago. Their coach Gordon Hunter had lost an eye years earlier in an industrial accident.

Loe was cited and in a marathon 11-hour meeting, the NZRFU's judicial committee suspended him for nine months, the longest ban handed down to any player in New Zealand rugby history. But the judicary left the way clear for Loe to still take up a player-coach job, said to be worth $40,000, in France during the off season. But don't you hate it when the French suddenly develop morals? The French Rugby Union said Loe wasn't welcome in their country.

Cooper has steadfastedly refused to comment on the gouging incident. "I've got my own personal opinion about Richard Loe which I'm sure people would be interested in because things have happened before," he told *Penthouse*. "But I'm sorry, I'm keeping it private."

Others have not held back, though. Kevin Skinner is revered as one of the great All Black props. His legend as the "Bok Buster" was firmly established during the 1956 South African tour of New Zealand where the arrogant Afrikaaners resorted to intimidatory forward tactics in an attempt to win a desperately close series.

A former New Zealand boxing champion, the normally mild-mannered Skinner took exception to the gutter tactics of Chris Koch and Jaap Bekker. Koch was the first to be dropped before Skinner swapped sides in the scrum and dealt to Bekker. Skinner's logic was simple. "If the referee isn't going to stop illegal tactics, the players have to."

With that statement, Skinner became entrenched in All Black folklore as one of the hardest men to ever wear the famous black jeresy. But even mention the name Loe to Skinner and he bridles.

"I'm probably more annoyed with the

Continued on page 108

BRITTANY

COVER GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

At 20, Brittany John is poised to become an international supermodel. Already on the books of one of the world's most prestigious agencies, Brittany's striking body and exquisite face have provoked delighted reactions from all across the globe.
She has worked in Milan, Paris, London and New York.

"In my business, you meet hundreds of beautiful people with egos bigger than anything. It's often very superficial and fake and you never know when people are being genuine and sincere,, so basically you just end up not trusting anyone and looking out for number one.
"When I want to get away from it all, I head for the west coast. It's quiet, secluded, breathtakingly serene and the people are genuine."

When she's not gracing the covers of magazines or on photo shoots, she can often be found pursuing her hobby of restoring antique furniture. "I make my living by being paid to look beautiful, so it's extremely rewarding to use my hands to make an object look beautiful." As for men, Brittany looks for similar qualities in antiques and partners — durability, class, and distinctiveness.

NIGHTLIFE
kalgoorlie

BY MARK DAPIN

gold diggers

PHOTOS BY GARY BLINCO

In the gold mining town of Kalgoorlie, everyone's looking for the main chance

Saturday night is Kalgoorlie's chance to prove it isn't the wanker capital of the world. "We were called that by a queer English journalist," says Doug Kemp, Goldfields Classic committee chairman, "and unfortunately the name has stuck." On the eve of the AFL West Coast Eagles-Adelaide Crows game, which floods the town with visitors from all over South Australia and the WA outback, Kalgoorlie's establishment is determined to shake off the unwanted title. Eskies are banned from the match, no alcohol is allowed to be taken into the ground, police patrols have been stepped up and there's a rumour that the "fringies" have been taken out into the bush with a couple of kegs and a roasting pig.

NIGHTLIFE
kalgoorlie

gold diggers

Kalgoorlie is a gold town surrounded by ghost towns. It's a chancer's town, and the main chance is there if you keep both eyes open. A pensioner couple recently found a 125oz gold nugget worth about $75,000. They're asking $100,000 for it.

It's a town that sees more than its fair share of itinerant fortune-hunters. Old-timers blame the drifters for the wanker reputation. "They come here, they've got no connections with Kalgoorlie and no attachment to it. They just party and fight and mess the place up," says Roy, a prospector who moved here to stake his claim 28 years ago.

When the "Wanker Capital" article was published in *Arena* magazine, a local hotelier immediately set up a Wankers' Society, with a chalkboard on the pavement inviting applications for membership.

So is Kalgoorlie wanker city? It doesn't look good at first. A drunk on the street stumbles up making extravagant wanking gestures. He wants his picture taken with a can of Emu Special and a box of Chinese takeaway. He reckons the shot will show the real Kalgoorlie.

At ten o'clock, Norm turns up at the Railway Hotel. Norm is 22-years-old, an apprentice mechanic, well-built and handsome in a sort of Norm-ish way. Today, he's a hero, having played in the Goldfields-Coalfields game that preceded the big match. The local boys thrashed the opposition.

The pub is packed. Rap music buries any conversation. "Jump, motherfucker," bounces out of the speakers, off the walls and underfoot. Customers are four-deep at the bar and you have to be a blood-relative of the staff to get served. Norm is drinking bourbon and coke, talking to Mel and Michelle.

Girls at the door, dressed up like it was their cousin's wedding, are rummaging through their handbags for ID.

"You get a lot of underagers in here," says Norm. Peta, Norm's "on-and-off girlfriend", has free tickets for Sylvester's nightclub. Norm thinks they're his.

"They're for me and my friend," says Peta.

"Shut-up, you," grins Norm, grabbing a kiss before he leaves.

There's a line-up outside deBenale's, one of the classier pubs, but Norm is waved through.

The band is playing "It's In His Kiss", but in their version the back-up vocals go, "Will you sit on his face?"

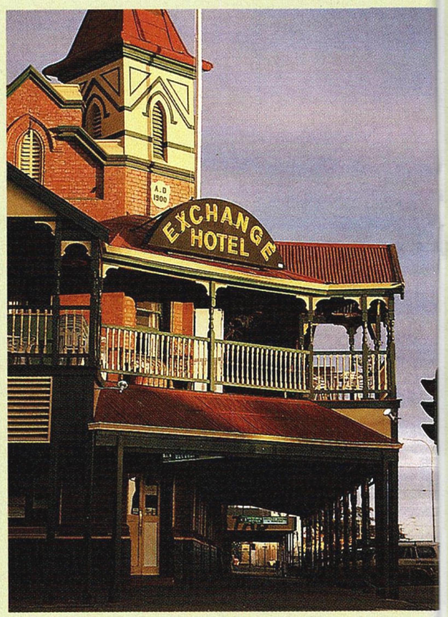
Norm finds a girl called Elisa. He mentions *Penthouse* and she thinks he's asking her to go home and take her clothes off.

"Rekindling old passions, eh?" laughs a passing woman.

"I had something going with Elisa," Norm explains. "Nothing ever happened. But it should have done, I keep getting told."

Kalgoorlie is a drinking town. "If you don't drink," says Norm, "you're never seen at all."

If anything, Kalgoorlie is the "skimpy" capital of the world. When topless and see-through barmaids were banned by law, publicans covered the girls behind the pumps in lacy lingerie. Some customers still haven't adjusted, and crusty old drillers grumble, "Get 'em off," when they're passed their sevens.



"An LCD display above the pub's door sustains a continuous commentary on the price of gold. . ."

There's half a dozen skimpies pouring drinks in the Exchange Hotel. The only fully dressed barmaid serves Norm.

"Just my luck," he grunts.

An LCD display above the pub's door sustains a continuous commentary on the price of gold in the Australian and American markets. The bar smells of vomit.

"Skimpies are what gets blokes to pubs," says Norm. "The rules now are no touching, but rules were made to be broken. On a quiet night, they'll show you their tits."

Another local custom is the "lay back", where the punter rolls onto the bar, nestles under a pair of breasts and has the beer poured into his mouth.

There are hardly any women on the paying side of the bar, but Norm still manages to find a pretty one to talk to.

Footballers and fans keep patting Norm on the back and congratulating him on his game. Another pushes through and coughs something like, "arsehole, arsehole, fucking arsehole," catapults his nose into a cleavage, then thoughtfully adds, "arsehole." But he's not a wanker, he's a mate.

A short bloke with bad skin and a blue floral shirt lurches over and demands money for a photograph of Norm's girl, who is sitting quite near where he was sitting. He thinks $500 for him and the same for the girl would be about right. "Keep out of the clubs, mate," he slurs, "there's blokes there looking for trouble. Mind you, I'm looking for trouble as well. I suppose that's what Kal's all about."

Buried up the road in Coolgardie cemetery is the explorer Edward Giles. According to a plaque, Giles "found his greatest satisfaction penetrating unknown places." This is still a tradition in Kalgoorlie, and a lot of the spadework is done in Sylvester's, the nightclub that stays open until breakfast.

Everybody ends up at Sylvester's. Girls are dancing on stage, throwing their arms in the air. The crowd is elbow-tight, but the bar is easy to reach because beer here is more expensive and most customers have had a skinful already.

You can't move around the tables, so people crawl under them. A girl on all fours appears at my crotch, smiles and vanishes. Someone throws a crushed can at Norm. He's another footballer, so Norm kneels down and shuffles over to him.

It's all pretty good-natured. The bouncers are fresh-faced and friendly. There are no wankers about.

Peta and her friend have been here for a while. The "on-again, off-again" woman looks pretty "on", laughing, hugging and twisting to the music.

While Peta dances for Norm, the bedsprings bounce in Hay Street, Kalgoorlie's famous red-light strip. Norm doesn't want to go there. "It's Hay Street in here," he says, looking at the dancing girls. Peta misunderstands, clenches her fist, then smiles.

It's four dollars from the city to Hay Street, and $100 for half an hour with a girl once you get there. The pockmarked wanker from the Exchange pushes to the front of a taxi line-up and waits for somebody to challenge him. When nobody does, he walks off swearing about the cost of cab fares.

Opposite the rank, outside the Exchange, a big, pony-tailed bouncer is kneeling on top of an Aborigine. Other black people surround him, shouting, "Leave him alone, you white bastard!" More doormen come out of the pub. It looks like the Aborigine takes a kick in the ribs, but it's all over pretty quickly. What could have been a big blue fades to grey and is lost in the night. Bouncers in some coastal city pubs are bigger wankers.

Kalgoorlie's brothels used to take up two entire blocks, but now they're down to just four establishments. Open-cut mining is less labour intensive than traditional methods, and there are no longer thousands of unmarried faceworkers to blow their week's bonuses on weekend blowjobs. The famous Japanese brothel is gone. The working girls who stay here complain of hard times in the sex industry.

The cabbie recommends the best brothel on Hay street. They have a pool, a spa and a bar. Like the other three "houses", the building is a long single-storey strip divided into about eight "starting stalls", criss-cross barred windows behind which the girls sit on display. The whole structure looks like it belongs in a race track.

There is graffiti on the doors, both inside and out. "Qualified masseurs" advertise their services. The football fans

NIGHTLIFE
kalgoorlie

gold diggers

have scrawled, "Goldmine gals — Eagles are in town" on the whiteboard. There are warnings like "Safe sex — slip some software on your hardware" and enticements like "Has my whiskas had your pussy today?" and "Would you like a taste of my furry fritter?"

There are also jokes, mostly at the punters' expense. "What do you call the excess, useless flesh around a penis? A man.

"What do you call a man who's lost 95 percent of his brain? A widower.

"Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, chips, dips, chains 'n' whips — and a hundred dollars and I'm yours."

New girls in Kalgoorlie's brothels must report to the police station, where they are photographed and their record is checked. It used to be that they were not allowed to enter pubs, use the public swimming pool or go to the racecourse, but now, says Jodie, the receptionist at one of the brothels, "We're allowed out at night so long as we behave ourselves. They let us have drinks, but if the publican asks us to leave, we have to go. It's more or less for the women of the town."

Jodie's job "has its ups and downs," she says. "I talk to the men, book them in and introduce them to the ladies. If someone's falling over drunk — no way. I'm the bouncer; men aren't allowed to have anything to do with brothels. Sometimes I think I'm going to get hit by a bloke. You have to have the gift of the gab to get them out."

The stalls arrangement "gives the ladies an opportunity to stay away from the men, to avoid harassment, whereas the men can still see and talk to them."

It's mainly mine workers who use the brothel. They come from Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie, and outlying towns like Southern Cross and Menzies, where women are literally rarer than gold. Lounging in the bar, with a copy of *Men Only* on the table in front of him, is Max, a rigger and shotblaster from Perth.

Looking at two kittens curled up in the chair opposite, Max scowls, "the only good pussy is a dead pussy."

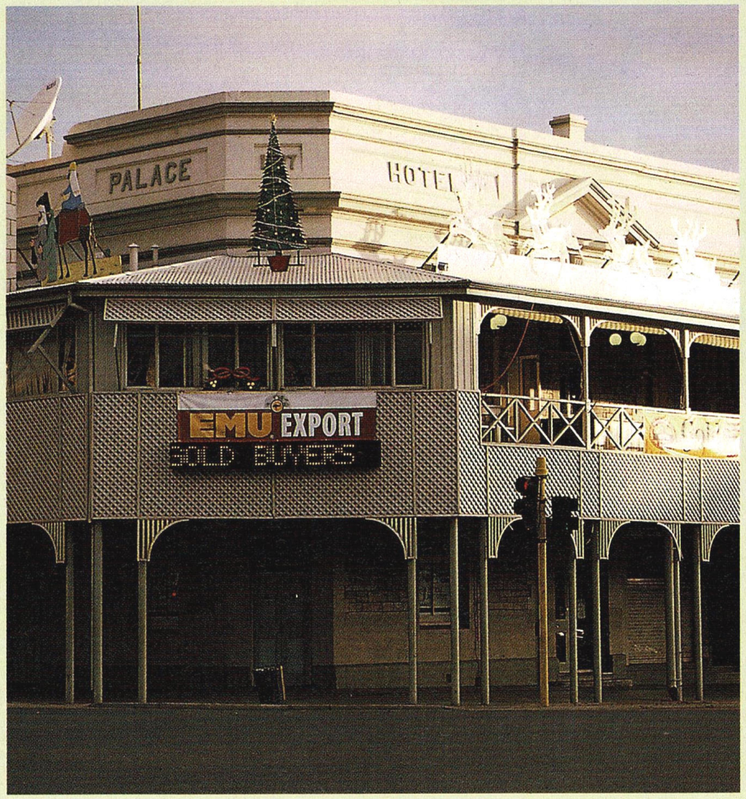
Most of Max's face is taken up by his moustache. "Treat 'em mean, keep 'em keen, that's what I say," he mutters. "It always works with me, anyhow."

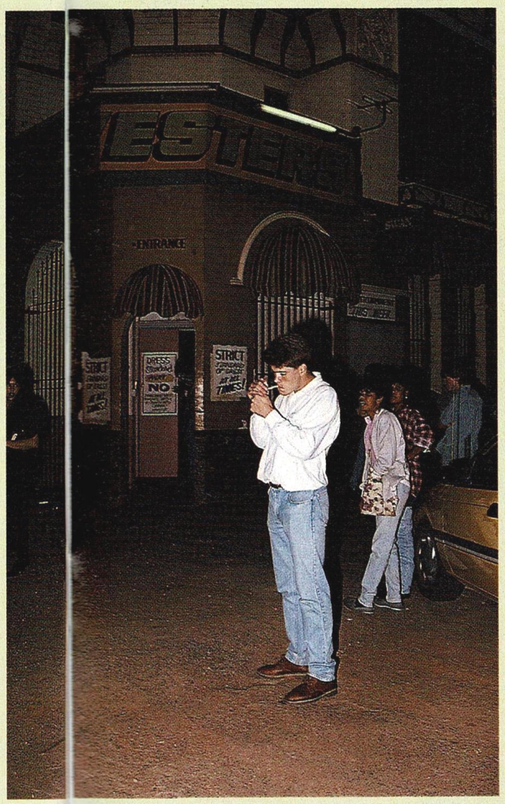
A big man and a curvy brunette are embracing in the spa. "Jealous cunt," the bloke shouts as I pass.

All the girls have clients except Nikki, a well-spoken and friendly middle-aged woman from Perth. She came over for the weekend to mop up the football crowds. Nikki prefers to work as an escort. "In a house in Kalgoorlie, you're more exposed," she says. "Anyone can drive past and see you. But there's no problem with the clients up here. They're very basic men. They know what they want, and they generally treat the ladies quite well. The businessmen in the suits are the ones you have problems with. They want to pay less and they want to pay by credit card. Here, the men don't mind spending money."

Nikki services around four customers a night. "It's not too hard on the body," she says, but it's not so good for the pocket either. "It's a 50-50 split with the house, and we do pay tax.

"There's very few working girls now who are on big money," says Nikki. "Four years ago, I used to work two shifts in a Perth brothel, and I'd get between $600 and $800. Now you have to work from 7pm to 7am for maybe $200. We also have outlay; you buy your own condoms, oils and perfumes."





"There's very few working girls now who are on big money. . ."

Nikki's room is like a motel designed for Dracula, with scarlet sheets and pillowcases, a picture of a naked woman on the wall, and boxes of tissues and wet wipes above the bed.

Nikki hasn't got much time for wankers. "Believe it or not," she says, "to do hand relief is actually very hard. It's easier to do straight sex," but because of publicity about AIDS, "there are a few men who only want hand relief.

"You can guarantee that every time there's an article in the paper about AIDS, for the next two weeks the clientele will drop."

Originally from New Zealand, and a single mother since she was 17-years-old, Nikki became a prostitute at 32. She has often wanted to get out and have an ordinary job. "But what can I say I've been doing all these years?" she asks. "I've lost a lot through this job. I've become very character-wise. I've learned so much, and sometimes I don't want to know what I know."

In the taxi back to Sylvester's, the cabbie asks what day it is. It's two o'clock in the morning, and I can't remember either. But I do know approximately where we are in the year. The driver's guess is five months off the mark.

Norm is leaving the club, without Peta. He's weary after the football and tired by the bourbon. The band upstairs in Harry's bar are playing "Darling It Hurts To See You Down In Darlinghurst", Paul Kelly's song about finding out an ex-girlfriend is on the game. "In one end and out the other, darling I don't even know, why do you bother."

Max the shotblaster gets back before I do. Somewhere down the line, he has even managed to change his clothes. "Smooth and salubrious," he slurs, fingering the loud shirt he has buttoned on over his singlet. Then he spells out salubrious for me.

There's still action on the street, with drunk kids jumping at shop signs and pissing up walls. Mark from Melbourne is sitting on the bonnet of a car. He wears a biker's jacket and a bandito moustache. He came to live in Kalgoorlie a few years ago, and recently returned after doing 18 months inside for "drugs".

"They're good girls here — easy to root," he grins. He points to probably the prettiest skimpy in town, a slim girl with creamy skin, tarted up for the nightclub in a spray-on black dress that hides as little of her body as her work clothes do. "I got her to bed the other night. Didn't root her because I was too pissed to get it up," he shrugs. He plans to find a couple of girls to do some Ecstasy with.

A small, fair-haired woman storms out of Sylvester's and into a waiting car, pushing aside a young man following her, and shouting, "You're never gonna have me!"

The only place to eat is a Greek takeaway, where they serve doner kebabs with fried eggs rolled up inside. There's another three hours left of the Kalgoorlie night, but I'm not up to living it.

Nobody is out for trouble on the road back to my room. Kalgoorlie boys party hard, but they're not so bad.

On Sunday afternoon, in the lounge of the Old Australia Hotel, a group of grey-haired women are discussing Tom Jones, poker machines, pension rights, and the weekend's news. "I know you told me yesterday," one wrinkled lady says, "but what does that word 'wanker' mean?" It doesn't mean much in Kalgoorlie.

Joanne & Warwick

"We did this photo shoot because love is grand and sex is beautiful."
The speaker is Warwick Capper and the blonde nymphette with him is, of course, his wife Joanne.

Warwick said this with a straight face, so he must have meant it. Even if you've only known him for a while you realise he's a genuinely uncomplicated soul. He laughs a lot and it's obvious to him that life is a joy almost all of the time — even at 29.

The problem for this writer was that he'd never met Warwick before, while he had spent hours with Joanne last year prior to her appearance in the November issue of *Penthouse*. She didn't like Warwick at that stage and she made it quite clear.

Warwick, the estranged husband at the time, didn't like the pictures or the story. And he made that quite clear, too. Yet, here they were: together, happy, in love and oozing reciprocal sexual attraction.

The writer was having trouble getting his head around the situation. It was probably because he'd been disconcerted. One of Joanne's main beefs back in November was Warwick's apparent immaturity. When Joanne had opened the front door Warwick was just around the corner playing his pinball machine.

He swung around to shake hands and said g'day while maintaining contact with the left flipper, and then turned back. A few minutes later, somehow, we were playing table tennis.

The Capper saga was a rather public and acrimonious stoush. There was mud slung for general consumption, Warwick wound up in court charged with assaulting Joanne's boyfriend and the odd bucket-load of vitriol poured out, off the record. The Cappers use the word "nasty" and that just about sums it up.

There was some quite determined discussion before the interview even got off the ground. The Cappers are a business and the focus of that business is Warwick. His profile as the tight-arsed Sydney Swans and Brisbane Bears high-flying full forward guaranteed him celebrity status.

He might be 29 now and a lesser-light at the Southport Sharks, but he has achieved what is necessary to cash-in in this country and that's instant recognition. With that recognition has come experience with the media, turning Warwick and Joanne into cautious subjects.

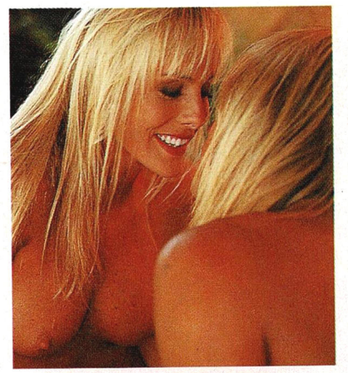
At first, they could see no reason to explain the past. Warwick argued that the photos spoke for the way they now feel about each other. Kirk Wynn, Warwick's manager, was perched on the kitchen bench asserting that Joanne and Warwick had never sought publicity about the break-up, or Warwick's brush with the system. The media did it.

"If I was John Smith, you wouldn't have heard a word about it," said Warwick.

But he isn't John Smith and we did. So, reluctantly, they talked about the 14 months when they both discovered that while there are plenty of people around to have fun with, there aren't that many to fall in love with.

Joanne had a boyfriend. That became public when Warwick broke down his front door. But Warwick wasn't inactive either.

"Yes I had a little girlie," he said grinning, his impossibly white teeth gleaming in the semi-darkness.



Together Again Naturally

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

TEXT BY GRAHAM BICKNELL

For six months Warwick stayed with a friend of his who had been married for 20 years. "He told me life was too short, that Joanne and I should at least be friends. I said, 'Oh bullshit.' But eventually I wrote a letter and gave it to my friend to give to her. That's how it started."

Joanne who has a feistiness and determination in contrast to Warwick's *laissez faire* approach to life was apprehensive when she got the letter.

"Basically he just said that it was craziness for us to be fighting and carrying on the way we had been. But we had to meet anyway. There were problems with the tenants in our house and we had to decide what to do about it.

"I said to a good friend of mine before I went for that first meeting with Warwick that I was really scared I was going to feel something. She said, 'You will.'

"And I did feel something but tried to hold it back. And I did hold it back. I thought I didn't want to get involved with this person again. I didn't think he could change the way he was."

This brought us to the subject of Warwick's maturity. According to Warwick, he had given up skateboard riding with the local teenagers and is definitely more mature. And he's wiser too.

Joanne at first refused to reveal how he'd changed but Warwick was having none of it. After all, he reasoned, if she'd told *Penthouse* readers what was wrong with him, it was only fair to tell them what had been corrected.

"All right," she said good naturedly. "He's changed emotionally. He's not self-centred any more. He's not just thinking about himself, he actually thinks about others now".

It embarrassed them, admittedly, and we're terribly sorry, but we came back again to forays into other relationships the two had while separated.

"I think it taught us to love and respect each other better," said Warwick.

Joanne was forthright: "We've learned that the grass isn't greener and that there are a whole lot of nasty people out there. We've learned that there are not many people in the world you can really trust.

"But you say things. Warwick knows that I was angry with him, I wanted to kill him. And he said the same thing about me. But really, deep down, you don't mean it."

While Joanne says she was happy in her out-of-marriage relationship and had some fun, Warwick was wary about getting involved again.

"I had a girlfriend for eight months, but I was a bit scared to start it all over again. I think I was trying to replace Joanne."

Joanne's happiness, of course, couldn't go unchallenged. If her relationship had made her happy, what went wrong?

"Yes," said Warwick, turning to look at his beautiful wife. "What happened Joanne?"

"You came back into my life," she shot back.

"But it was over before then, wasn't it?" he quizzed.

"Yes, but I don't want to talk about that because it's not fair on that person who was in my life if I start bagging him. It's over, it doesn't mean anything now."

Well, maybe it takes a while to clear all the air, but the Joanne Capper who was interviewed last year and the 1993 model are different people. Joanne admits she is more tolerant and has even learned to relax around the home. She's also learned who her friends are.

"It's definitely making the marriage happier knowing who I can count on. He had no problems, he's a celebrity, they all stuck with him."

"Basically it's because I'm a top bloke," said Warwick.

"And I'm the little bitch. I certainly know who to get coffee for after that. It's certainly changed our circle of friends. There are people I wouldn't lift a finger for if they were half-dead in the gutter.

In the end, it came down to the these photographs shot in the Tallebudgera Valley not far from where Joanne and Warwick are back living together in luxurious semi-rural isolation.

To them, the pictures tell the story.

Joanne says she definitely didn't do them because she wanted people to see that the Cappers had managed a happy ending.

"No, bugger the people. There's so much hatred in the world and these shots are warm, loving and caring. They're not sinful, they're sensual warm shots."They show love and there's so much violence and so many horrible people in the world."

PROFILE BY JEAN NORMAN
ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

Rock star, Christian, Greenie, husband, father and political activist. Who *is* Peter Garrett?

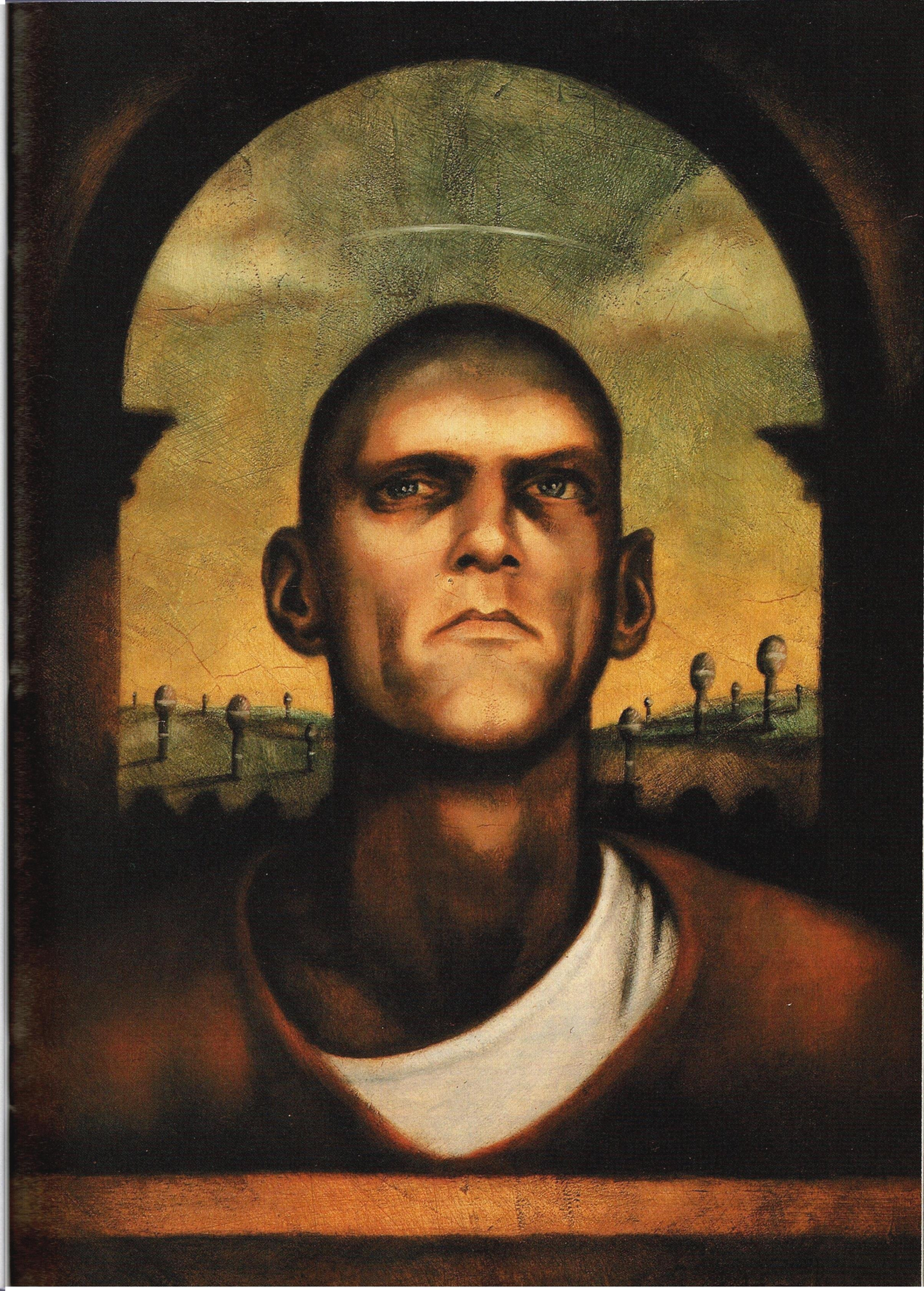
The Good Oil

Peter Garrett — funky skinhead, Christian, activist at large and Midnight Oil vocalist — won't talk to us.

His publicist, actually the anti-publicist, said he was too busy, so we said it'd take only a few minutes and we could do it in the back of a speeding taxi if necessary.

The next excuse was that Garrett was off to South America shortly. *Penthouse* offered to meet him in a little bar in Rio or someplace.

We heavied his record company, Sony. But to no avail. Then we offered to perform any act short of actual analingus in exchange for an interview, but it was still no-go.



Garrett

All in all, we made over 20 fruitless phone calls to various ghosts in the Midnight Oil machine. A possible reason for Garrett's refusal to meet *Penthouse* for a quick one is that, according to sources, he considers this magazine to be politically incorrect and ideologically unsound.

The anti-publicist would neither confirm nor deny this theory. "We can't release any information to you. So no more calls," she announced. We couldn't even extract Garrett's date of birth from her: "We couldn't possibly help you with that information."

Was he actually born? Or did he just land on this planet at some unspecified point?

Garrett was born on April 16 1953 — we asked the library — which makes him an Aries (fiery, aggressive, forthright, insecure and so on).

As he's a born-again Christian, thus possibly anti-astrology, *Penthouse* have tactfully refrained from roping in Athena Starwoman for a more in depth analysis of Garrett's birthchart.

All *Penthouse*, Australia's most identifiable male magazine, wanted to do was talk to Garrett, Australia's most identifiable man.

Well, he is. I once met a group of American corporate directors who thought he was the Prime Minister.

For 16 years he's figureheaded one of the world's most successful political rock bands. Comparable most of all to U2, Midnight Oil have remained true to the causes they espouse. They've even backed up their mouth with money in the form of over a million dollars given to causes they deem worthy.

The hits "Power & The Passion", "General's Talk", "US Forces" and "Beds Are Burning" showcase the band's ability to convey radical views via a medium often used to deliver the joys of getting shitfaced and getting laid.

Dissatisfied with being a famous rock star leading an astonishingly powerful hard rock band, Garrett's tried to ram his way into politics by bidding for the Senate. And he's been consistent and courageous in shooting his mouth off in an effort to effect social and political transformation.

But "Tell Me The Truth" from the Oil's latest album *Earth & Sun & Moon* denounces the evil media. As Garrett says: "It's us grunting and groaning and grizzling about media lies."

When Midnight Oil hurtled out of the sweat-soaked surf pub scene of Sydney's northern beaches in the late Seventies, the evil media was somewhat irreverent towards Garrett. Stories depicted him as merely a "tall brutal looking giant", "the hairless rock singer from the Northern Beaches" and "a fiery bald singer."

Gradually, yesterday's "lanky bald greenie" was transmogrified by the press into today's Saint Peter. He's canonised by the evil media to such a degree that Garrett's often referred to as the "High Priest of Conservation", "Rock Superstar", "Pop Star Preacher" and "Pop Messiah."

And nobody dares crucify him. If Garrett needs the evil media to mouth off about one of his causes — uranium mining, racism, land rights for Aboriginals, junk food, genetic engineering, rainforests, Canberra, the ozone layer, militarism, imperialism, asbestos, nukes, etc — or to launch an album, he'll hustle publicity just like any other run of the mill famous person. But the political statement-in-person isn't a user-friendly celebrity. His intense loathing of being asked facile questions by the evil media has been well-documented: What is his favourite food? Has he ever suffered from premature ejaculation? How does he keep his head so smooth and suntanned? Has anybody ever told him he dances like a dickhead? Why hasn't he learned to sing yet?

These were all questions *Penthouse* had resolved not to ask Garrett. We would have liked to know his opinion of some of the weird contradictions between his role as guardian of the global ecology and his personal behaviour. We were going to ask the same question a prominent Aboriginal activist raised: "What the fuck were a white band doing with Aboriginal money?"

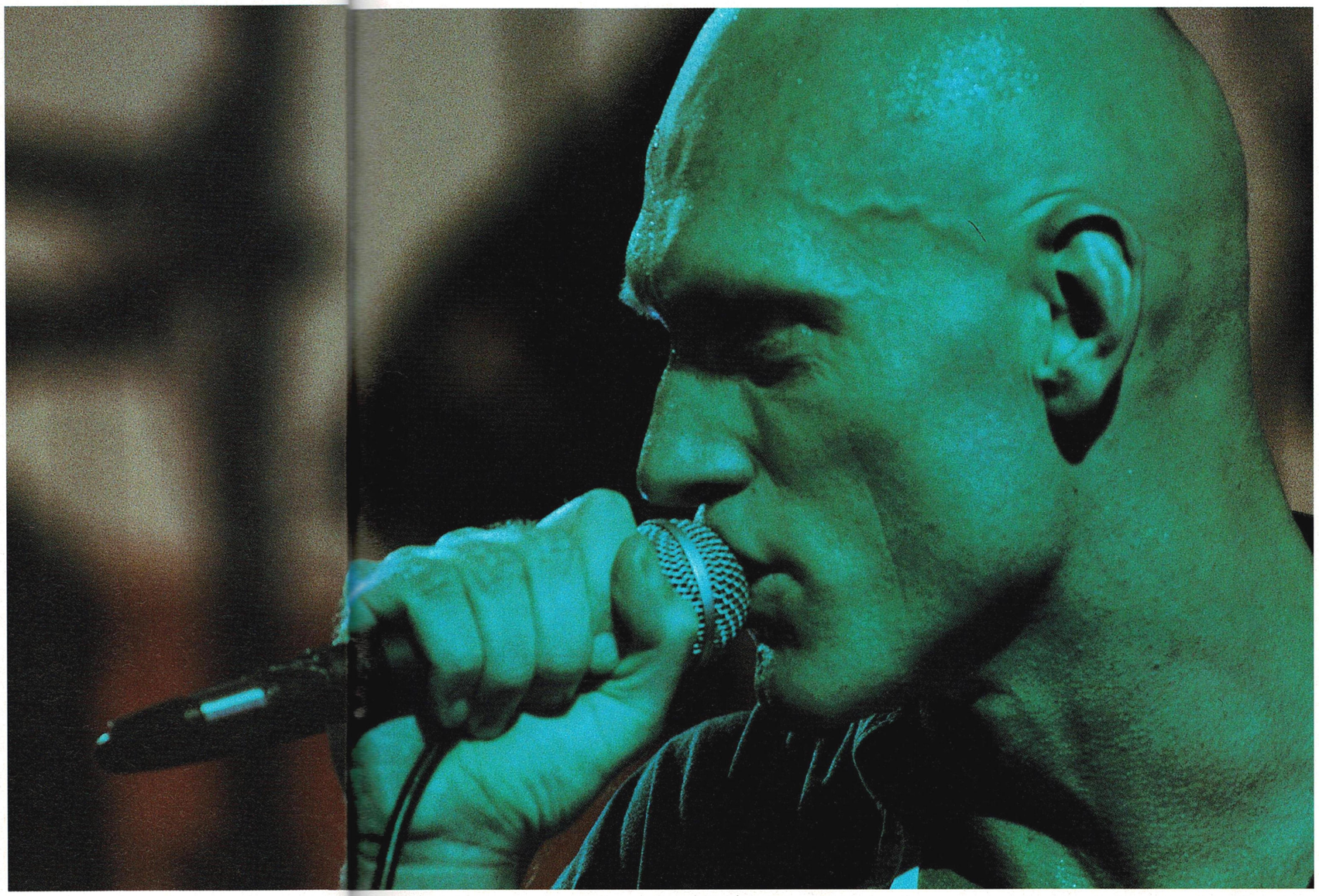
Midnight Oil received $80,000 from the Department of Aboriginal Affairs for the Black fella/White fella tour which inspired the *Diesel and Dust* album.

Is it true that the champion of the indigenous peoples is regarded as no different from any other white outback tourist, as has been suggested? Why, in some parts of Australia, was the *Diesel and Dust* album defaced by an Aboriginal tribe?

On a lighter note we also wanted to know his secrets for sustaining love with wife and mother of his three daughters, Doris.

Saint Peter the Good is lead singer of a band who, in 16 years, have never released a love song. Hang on. They have. "Outbreak Of Love" from the latest album is a love song — but not as we know it. The lyrics feature such joyful stanzas as "the world is crashing down on me tonight ... the walls are closing in on me tonight... sharks are coming up to feed..." You probably wouldn't want to make it "our song, darling."

Another burning question the public needs an answer to: Is there any substance to the rumour that Peter Garrett has a sense of humour? This is, after all, a bloke who reportedly seethed with



"Peter Garrett is rock music's answer to John Hewson. . ."

molten rage after the Americans went bonkers over "Beds Are Burning", made it a dance hit but thought it was a song about hot sex. Whoops. It's about Aboriginal land rights.

St Peter of Sydney sustains an ancient feud with the comic Austen Tayshus since the outrageous funny man bastardised "Put Down That Weapon" with a song about the demise of the Great Aussie Yobbo called "Put Down That Stubbie."

Tayshus keeps the bed burning with constant comedic references to Garrett being ordered to give up using Mr Sheen to polish his head because of the ozone layer, Garrett buggering a whole Aboriginal tribe and Garrett dancing impersonations.

Does Garrett have a sense of humour? "Yes," asserts *Juice* magazine editor, John O'Donnell. "I don't know if a lot of people would laugh along with it but he does have one."

"No," says rock historian Glenn A. Baker flatly. "If Pete does have a sense of humour then he artfully supresses it."

Most mere mortals with a slightly jaundiced view of St Peter prefer to remain anonymous. "It's the sacred cow — or sacred bull in this case — syndrome," says a political lobbyist. "He's always seen to be so pure and caring that to say anything negative makes you look pro global-destruction."

"He's a fuckwit," snarls a Sydney journalist who's had a lot of dealings with him over the years. "Peter Garrett's problem is that he thinks he's the last honest man on earth."

It's not only the wrath of the Pop Messiah that various incognito informants fear — but that of Midnight Oil manager Gary Morris. It's generally held that the Christian, karate expert and former used car salesman is to Garrett and the Oils what Brian Epstein was to the Beatles.

"Nobody screams down the phone like Gary Morris. Nobody on earth," says one record reviewer who's copped the blast.

Respected music writer Bruce Elder thinks that Garrett surrounds himself with sychophants. "He's a perfect example of the fascism of rightness. He thinks anyone who disagrees with him is a right-wing loonie, but I think in essence he, himself, is deeply conservative. Peter Garrett is rock music's answer to John Hewson."

Elder explains that his "just daring to once suggest that there might be a contradiction between his politics and his actions drove he and Morris into an absolute frenzy" and led to "a tirade of bizarre, illogical rantings about how you're not on the side of truth and that sort of thing."

One contradiction Elder puts forward as an example is that Midnight Oil's tours into the Top End have left a lot of people "pissed off and disgruntled." He warns that anybody trying to dig up the dirt on these tours runs into a "wall of silence."

A dozen people *Penthouse* spoke to hinted at discordance which, to be fair,

Garrett

that anybody trying to dig up the dirt on these tours runs into a "wall of silence."

A dozen people *Penthouse* spoke to hinted at discordance which, to be fair, they said boiled down to Garrett/Morris — but refused to elaborate. Slim Dusty, the country music singer, has been touring round outback Aboriginal tribes regularly for many years. But while Slim takes his music into the outback as a matter of course, Midnight Oil would apparently arrive in certain areas "with a great deal of pomp and promises" only to disappear never to be heard from again. Even a gig at Redfern's notorious Eveleigh Street was seen by some locals as arrogant. The feeling was 'this is a real shithole and we're glad we don't have to live here."

Some tribes allegedly loved the Midnight Oil gigs and were disappointed not to see them same time next year as promised. While others were offended by an attitude of "dilletante behaviour" and glad to see the last of them.

But nobody wanted their name put to these loose allegations and all suggested I speak to so and so who in turn tended to put *Penthouse* back to the first so and so who thought he'd "get in too much trouble" speaking out against Midnight Oil.

You'd think we were enquiring about CIA contra deals or skeletons rattling round in the closet of the Mafia rather than just the actions of what is, after all, only a rock 'n' roll band.

So what is going on? Andrew McMillan, the author of *Strict Rules,* which documents the 1986 Black fella/White fella tour, claims "the Aboriginal people have a great deal of respect for Garrett. He's absolutely consistent and genuine in his concern."

But Bruce Elder who wrote *Blood on the Wattle* — a chronicle of massacres and maltreatments of the Aboriginal people from 1788 — says Garrett's "grasp of Aboriginal issues is real champagne socialism.

"As an example, what strikes me as extraordinary is that a group that claims to be deeply committed to Aboriginal concerns appeared to be unaware that there were Aboriginals living in Tasmania long after Truganini died."

One of the singles off *Earth & Sun & Moon* is about the last Tasmanian Aboriginal — Truganini.

"Anybody with a modest grasp of Aboriginal history," says Elder, "knows that the whole proposition of total genocide in Tasmania is untrue."

Who's right?

* Midnight Oil received $80,000 of Aboriginal money for the Black fella/White fella tour and some Aboriginals feel the money could have been better spent elsewhere; like being given directly to an Aboriginal band.

* Tasmanian Aboriginals lodged offical complaints over what they feel is discrimination towards them on the Oil's latest album and the band had to apologise.

* An Aboriginal tribe was so pissed off at the use of the Bullroarer as a musical instrument on *Diesel & Dust* that they placed stickers on records saying: "This album contains noises offensive to Aboriginal people."

The truth, according to scholar and Aboriginal activist, Gary Foley, lies somewhere in between. "Some communities think the sun shines out of Garrett's arse and some don't," says Foley.

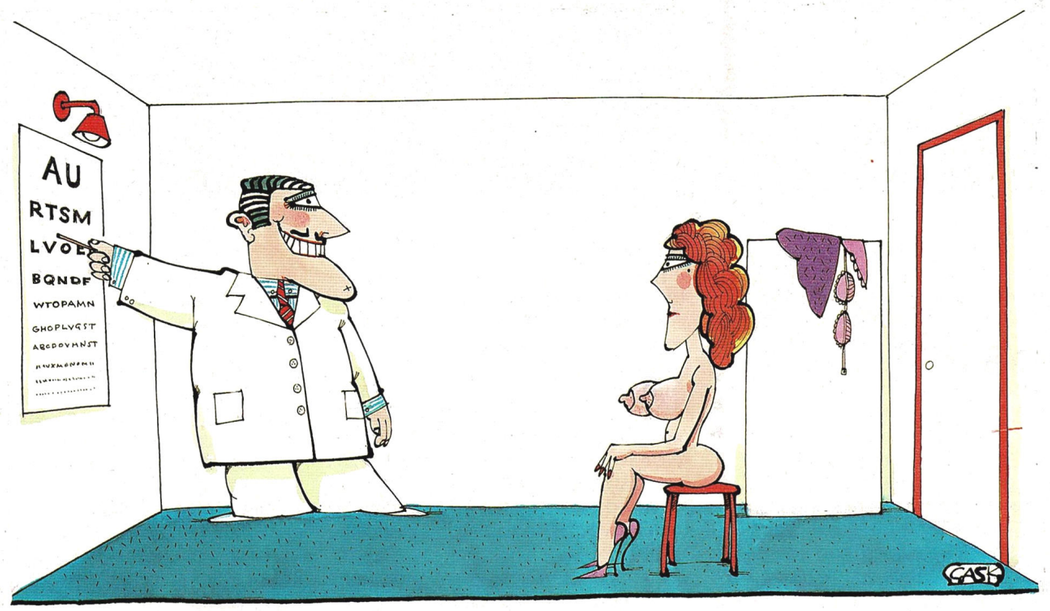
"I'm personally negative towards him," he admits, "but I'm not prepared to put my views forward as the view of the Koori people."

So far as the Tasmanian and Bullroarer fiascos go, Foley says there's so many different Aboriginal groups that the "occasional *faux pas*" is inevitable.

"The sort of role Peter has taken up for himself is a thin line to tread. It's a landscape littered with contradictions... a real minefield.

"The Christian thing is one contradiction as is Garrett being a lawyer. Once you've been through the system you're

Continued on page 104



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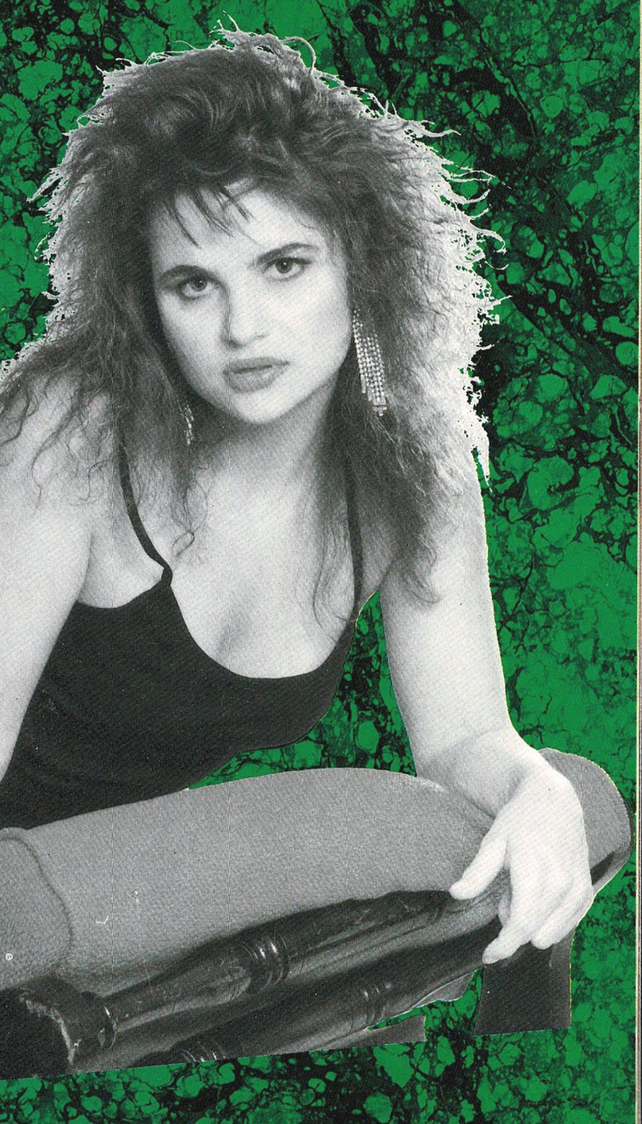


IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE

Photography by Denys Defrancesco

Alluring 21-year-old Jonie Watts is three years away from completing her studies in the art of classical guitar. The flaxen-haired virtuoso who studies at an exclusive conservatorium says that music is filled with everything she looks for in a man — mystery, passion and seductiveness.

Jonie has been strumming the strings for as long as she can remember but confesses that she sometimes gets a little nervous when performing for big crowds.

Jonie says that music features in every aspect of her life and that nothing turns her on more than a fiery Spanish flamenco. "It's something about the rhythm, the passion and the stormy climax of the music that makes me lose my inhibitions entirely." When she's not strumming the blues or picking delicately at a Mozart air, Jonie indulges in her hobby of dance. "Aside from keeping me in shape, I'm also learning to move to the music that I love so much."

Shoplifting

Continued from page 38

shoplifters. Mr Walsh says that the trend has not gone down since that report even with the innovation of clip on dye tags that ruin a garment if not removed properly and the flat disc Electronic Article Surveillance (EAS) that sets off an alarm if an article is taken through the store doors.

Mr Walsh believes that the penalties for shoplifting are a joke and that the government should accept more responsibility and dish out harsher sentences as a deterrent.

The police have very few retail crime units. And the ones they do have are almost ineffective against the professionals. Mr Walsh has no doubt that the gangs are highly organised and move from State to State in teams. He thinks that the upsurge in drug-related crimes also has a lot to do with the increase in theft as more and more young people are stealing to finance their drug habits.

But apart from the organised gangs and the junkies, it seems that the most common reason for shoplifting is good old-fashioned greed. Mr Walsh said, "It's something that's been around forever. Kids from wealthy homes do it, so do mothers and fathers, poor folk and rich, old and young, country and city folk. Everyone seems to have shoplifted something at least once in their lives. Outside of the pro's it's like one big national pastime and the retailer is the loser."

But in many ways, the style of shopping that we see in the Nineties encourages shoplifting. Merchandise is openly displayed to encourage self-service, shops carry minimal staff which creates low security and people can justify stealing from the shop as the atmosphere is usually impersonal.

> More and more young people are stealing to finance their drug habits

It's not hard to perceive that lots of people consider stores as being owned by wealthy companies who only got rich from overcharging in the first place and who deserve to be stolen from.

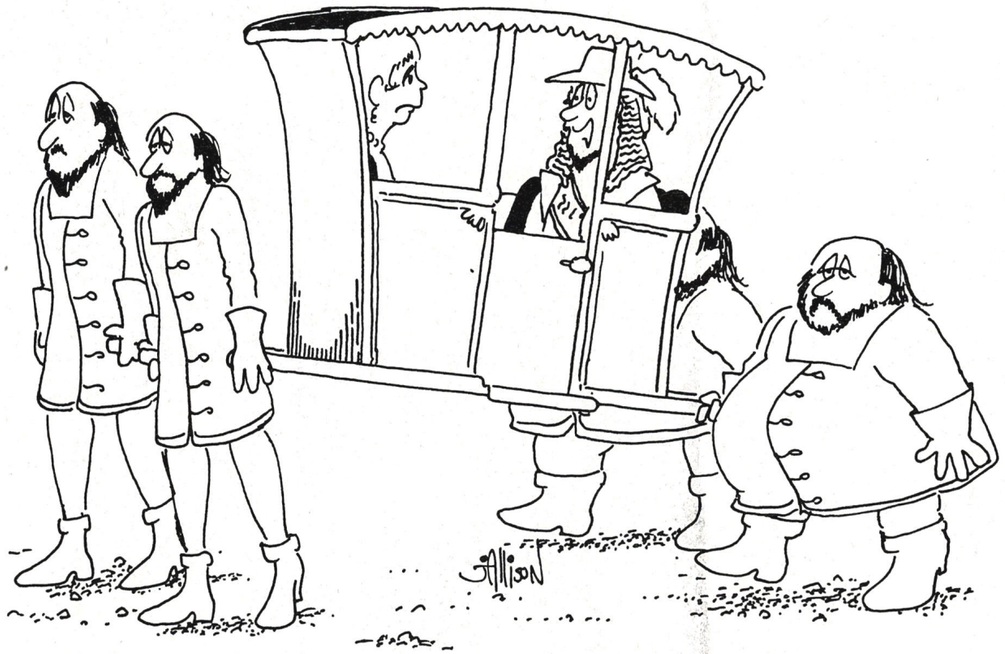
According to the NSW Bureau of Crime Statistics and Research, only between one in ten and one in 50 shoplifters are ever detected and even fewer are brought to the attention of the police.

This is not only because of the skilful techniques employed by shoplifters, but because the smaller retailers appear reluctant to prosecute them.

Several reasons for this have been proposed including fear of litigation for false arrest, bad publicity, losses associated with the removal of staff from the shop floor to deal with shoplifters and subsequent proceedings and dissatisfaction with the manner in which courts deal with the offenders.

Based on Victorian findings, less than a third of detected shoplifters are referred to the police by retailers. Instead, retailers deal with thieves directly by demanding payment for goods, banning them from the shop, notifying parents or taking no action whatsoever.

Most of the professionals in Sydney and Melbourne do work in gangs, usually about four to a team. While the big department stores are their bread and butter, they are now targeting more of



"Got me beat . . . I've just had a bloody balance and alignment!"

SHARON

SHARE ALIKE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

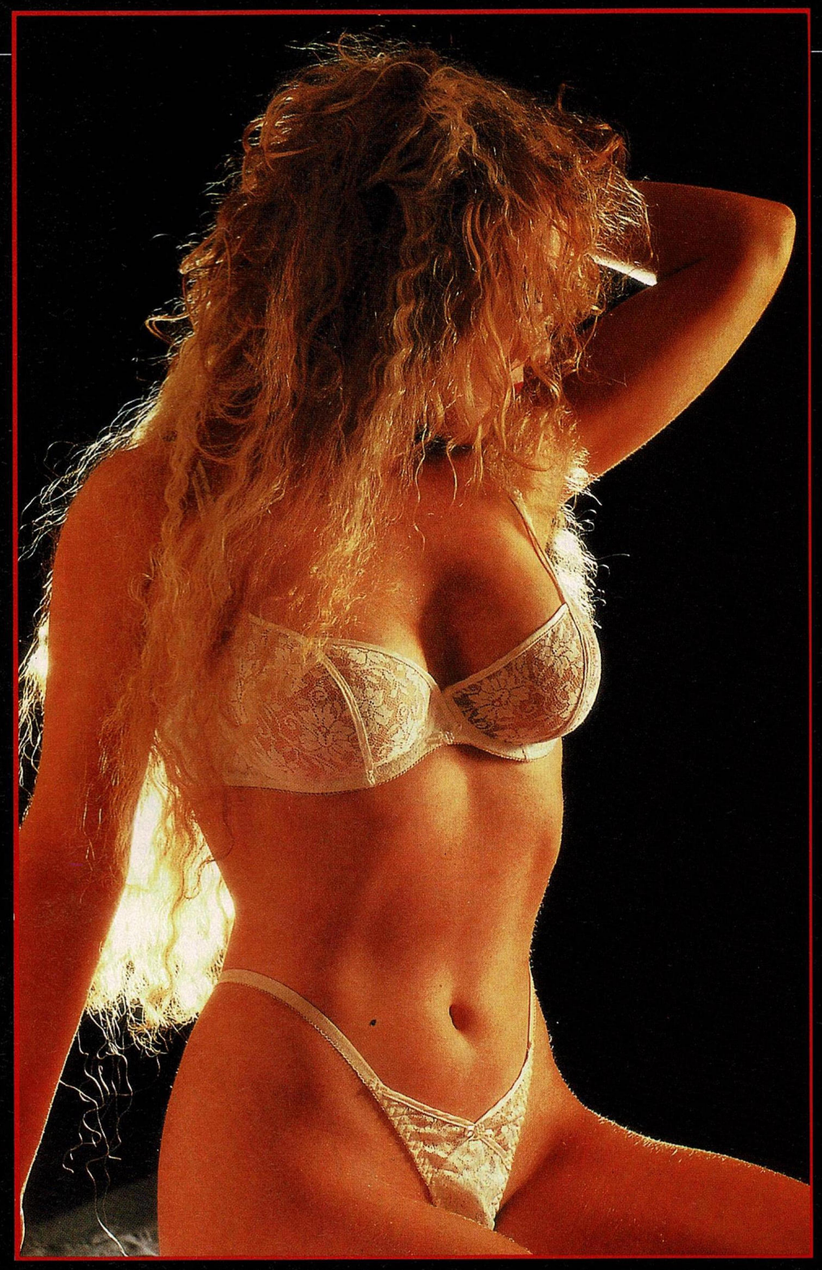
Sharon Weller is a 22-year-old youth worker who works with homeless children in the inner-city. "If you saw me at work, you would not recognise me," laughs the statuesque blonde.

"I look really grubby when I'm at work, all jeans and flannel shirts. That's one of the great things about what I do, no-one cares what you look like as long as you give a damn. "Doing the *Penthouse* shoot was really fun. I never really get to dress up and be pampered so all the attention was a real kick for me."

Sharon says that too many people make unfounded assumptions about the kids with whom she works and that she would much rather spend her time with them than with an insincere man with dubious motivations.

"With the kids there's no pretension, but some of the men I've dated have been out to impress and frankly that really puts me off. I want sincerity in a man. I'm after a man who will love me regardless of if I look glamorous or grubby."

Sharon sees herself working with the underprivileged for years to come but she is quick to point out that she is no saint.



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Shoplifting

the specialised clothing and electrical stores and pinching only the top brand gear like Reebok, Toshiba, Gucci and YSL.

They have found over the years that the top clobber moves quicker and at only 25 percent of the ticketed price, that's the best bargain you'll ever get.

But while shoppies are dishonest in knocking the gear off, when it comes to selling it they are straight down the line. They would consider it inexcusable to rewrite the ticket up and then charge you a third of the extra for a bigger earn. They get most indignant when queried as to the ticket's authenticity and say things like, "What do you think I am? A crook." There is definitely honour among thieves, shoplifters anyway.

If shoppies did have any traits in common, it would be that most of them are always a bundle of nerves — they smoke, drink and love the punt. Outside of that, they appear to live a normal existence and go to work like the rest of us, with few exceptions.

I would defy anyone to pick a professional shoppie either at work or socialising.

A lot of professional shoplifters actually pay tax as a self-employed "whatever" to avoid an unpleasant confrontation should they have to explain their income down the track. Most enjoy "non-working" holidays just like the rest of us, and they often take the family away from it all for a couple of weeks.

The women are always well-groomed and the men look like they should be at a board meeting of top. One notorious elderly shoplifter made a practice of fleecing a huge department store in the heart of Sydney so often that the unsuspecting staff got to know him and would chat with him.

As he was always immaculately groomed in three-piece suits and did actually buy things from time to time, he was able to pass himself off as a retired doctor who was lonely and was looking for something to do.

After some time, the staff convinced him that he would make the perfect floor walker. So he applied for the job and got it more on the staff's say-so than his fabricated credentials.

It was like letting Jack the Ripper loose in the Touch of Class. It took the store about three months to realise that most of their gear was disappearing from under their noses. By then, the "doctor" and his associates had taken off, along with a hefty amount of very expensive-merchandise.

The better individual shoplifters make up to $1000 a day as they are a lot more selective than your average shoppie. These are the cream of the shoppies who will steal on order. Their clients pick out an item that they like — a cashmere cardigan, Louis Ferot suit or a designer label jacket — tell the shoppie where it is and they go and steal it for them.

This usually costs a little more of the ticket, say 40-50 percent, but it is still one hell of a saving on a suit that costs $2000.

These more exclusive shoppies will often employ a "casual" as a deterrent and pay him or her a daily wage the same as a restaurant would pay a casual waitress.

A classic story is the guy who was whinging down at the pub that he had found the right Christening dress for his tiny daughter, but the shop wanted a staggering $1,200 for it. One of the shoppies was back in ten minutes with the dress down the front of his pants for a third of the ticket.

Some stores will go to any lengths to deter the shoppies. Like the manager of the big department store in Sydney's Bondi Junction, who was so sick of being ripped off that he had a life-sized cardboard cut-out cop erected in the store.

When the pilfering persisted, he decided that the cop wasn't aggressive enough so he had another made a foot taller, only this time with a giant scowl on it's face. Someone stole it.

ANOTHER

WORLD PART 2

A CARTOON FEATURE BY KIM MURRAY

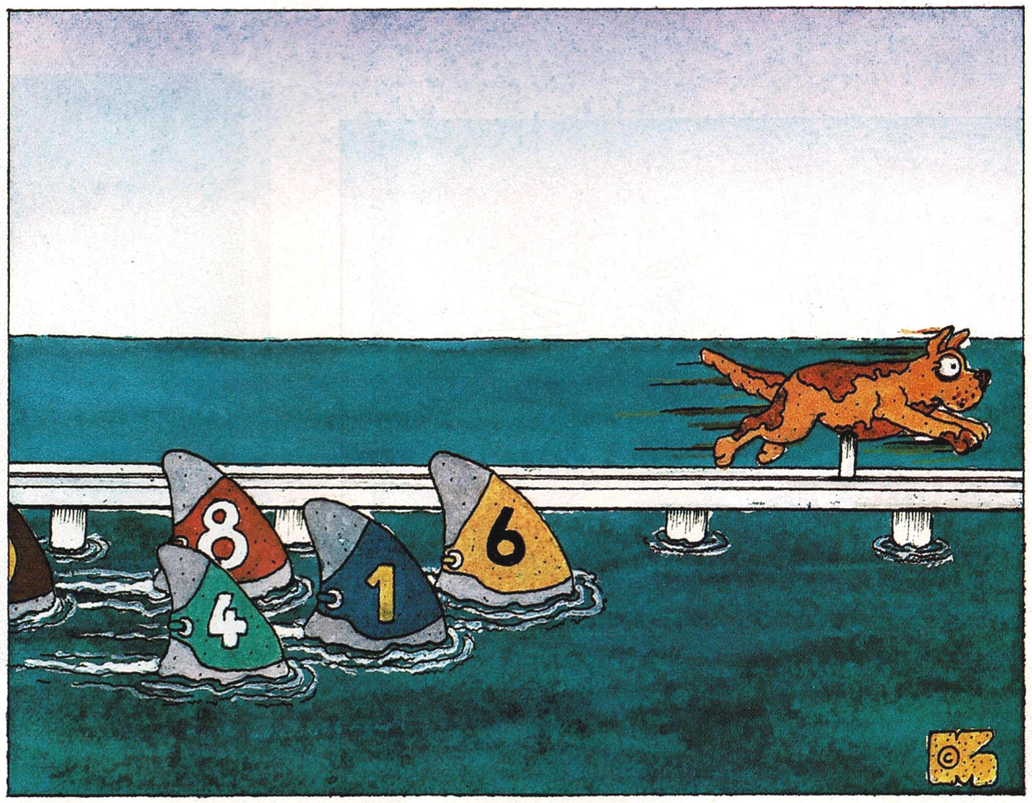
ANOTHER WORLD

A falling star

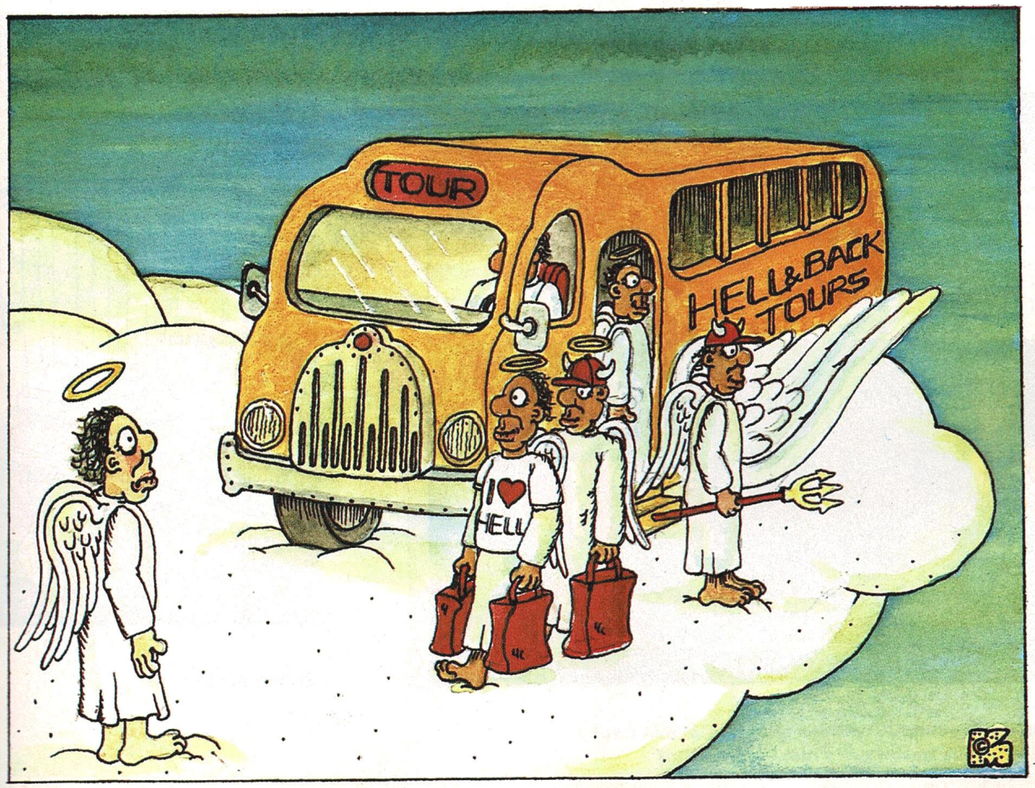
KIM MURRAY © 12·5·92.

Neutral territory

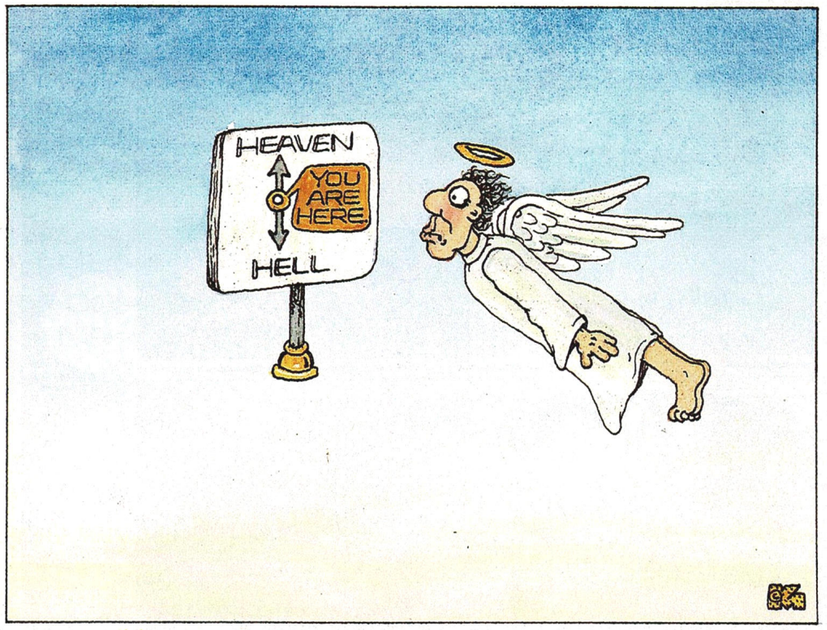
The nomad



Shark racing



ANOTHER WORLD



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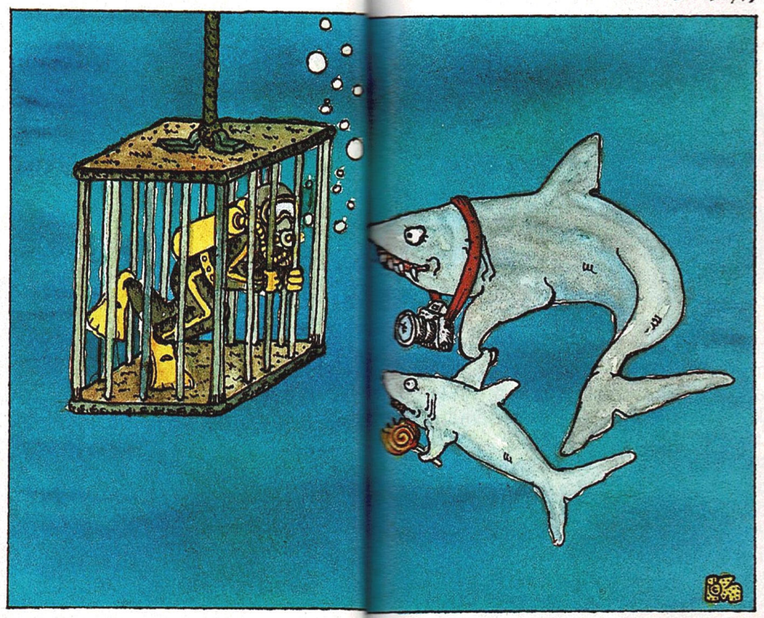
A lost soul



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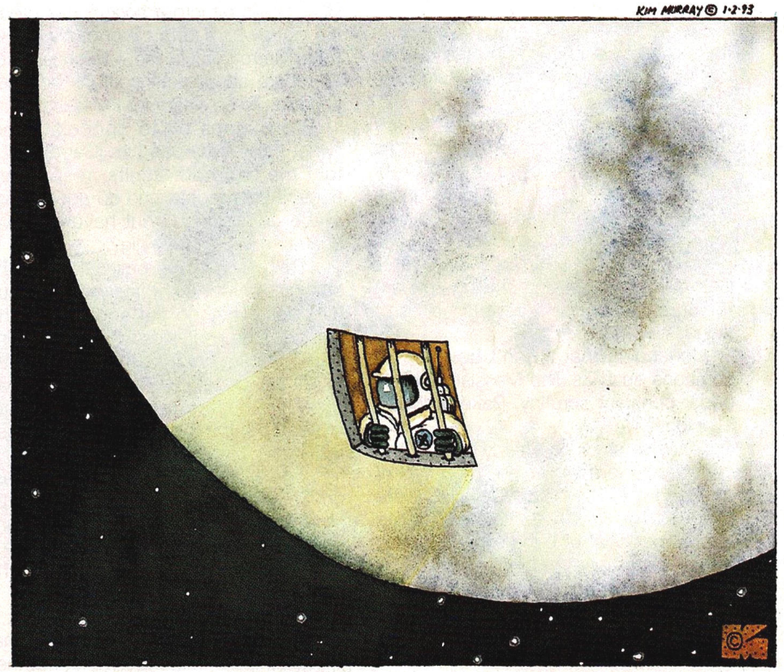

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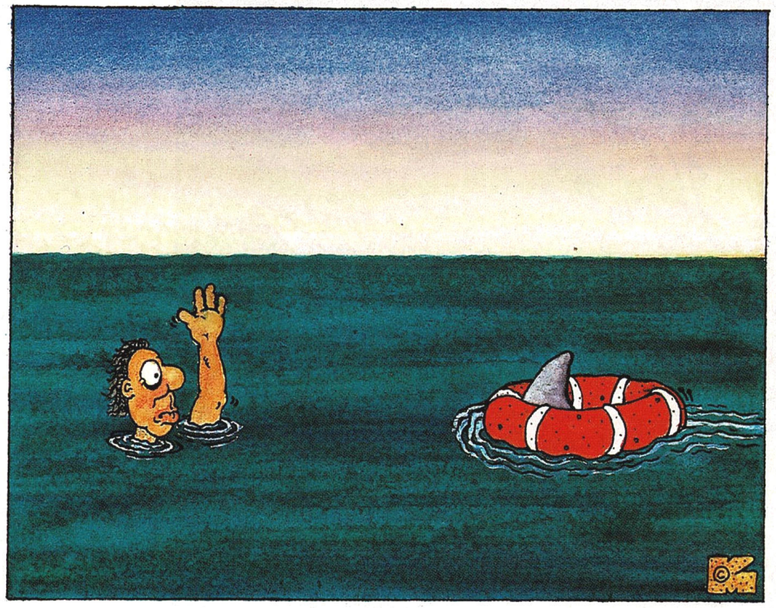
The man in the moon



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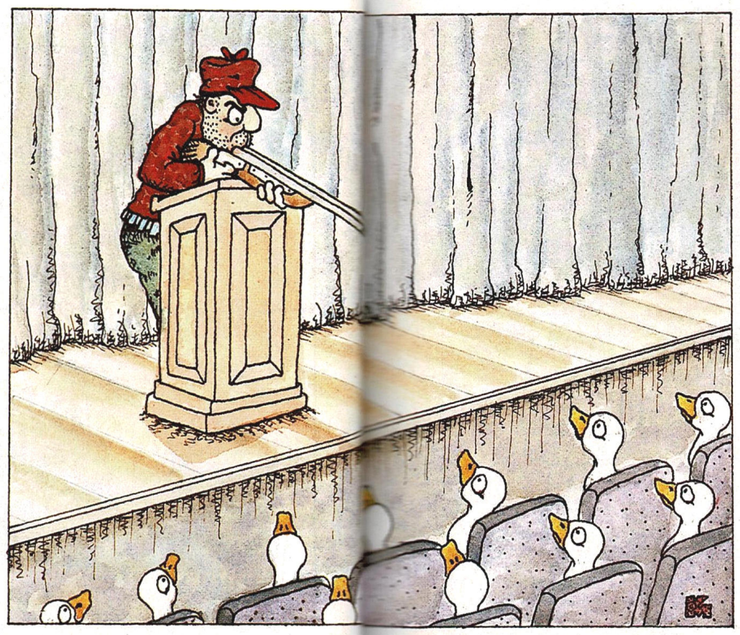
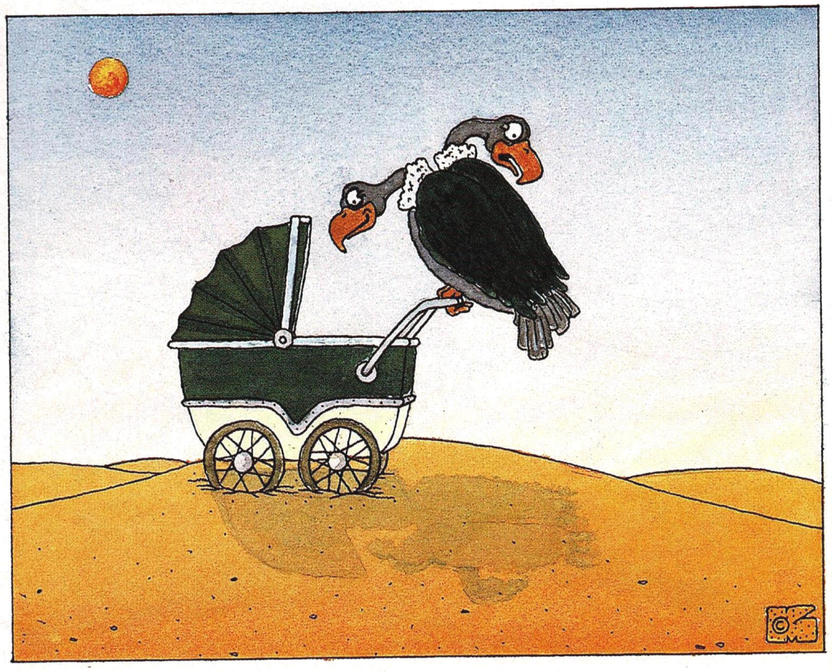


Sitting ducks



"I don't like it, perfectly healthy. . . and look, no snail trail marks. I don't like this at all."

Garrett

Continued from page 88

brainwashed even if you're not practising."

Rock historian Glenn A. Baker is another person interested in the contradictions inherent in being St Peter The Good.

Baker is still appalled at how "terribly rude" Garrett was to his young son and a friend seeking autographs. "I was shocked to see it. It's hard to reconcile that behaviour with his avowed politics. It's not the first time that sort of thing has happened around him. I'd say Peter Garrett has a deep and abiding concern for humanity but it's people he can't stand."

Conceding that it can't be easy for someone such as The Messiah, who is under constant scrutiny, Baker admires Midnight Oil.

"They've stuck to their principles but conscience is a liability in the world of rock and roll. They probably could have gone to the world as this great big Aussie rock and roll band with a big bald singer doing songs about getting drunk and getting laid and instead of selling five million records world wide they would have sold 30 million.

"The joy of rock and roll is that it is spontaneous, irreverent and disposable. When you get a political statement into a great pop song like "Beds Are Burning" — that's glorious.

"But when the songs are made to labour under heavy handed sentiment..." Baker trails off into a spectacular groan. He guffaws: "I often wonder whether Peter Garrett would like, just once, to do an album about getting drunk and getting laid. To be sleazy for the hell of it."

Baker goes on to speculate that "what must really piss him [Garrett] off is that the band are adults, responsible parents and people who do good deeds in the community... but have you ever been to a Midnight Oil gig?

"There's all these political lyrics and often it's one of the ugliest crowds you'll ever see. They go out and play to this cesspit of drunken kids who are throwing up all over the band's feet."

Baker has been a keen Oils observer over the years and points to another strange contradiction that lurks in their frontman.

While Midnight Oil refused to appear on *Countdown* or to be interviewed by Molly Meldrum, or indeed speak to any pop media whatsoever in order to take a stand against the pop ideology of the time, they also embrace big business.

"You could see it as a paradox... because Midnight Oil's stance was that of rejecting the corporate world, but they were signed to the biggest record company in the world (CBS which is now Sony) and at that time were represented in America by Rogers & Cowan who are the biggest public relations company in the world.

"You couldn't get a company more into creating mass market and popular appeal," says Baker.

It's been suggested before that the Oil's audience may be keener on the medium than the message, but Gary Foley springs to the defence in this regard: "The music's played a fair role in changing the perception of young Ockers who went along to get a buzz on the band.

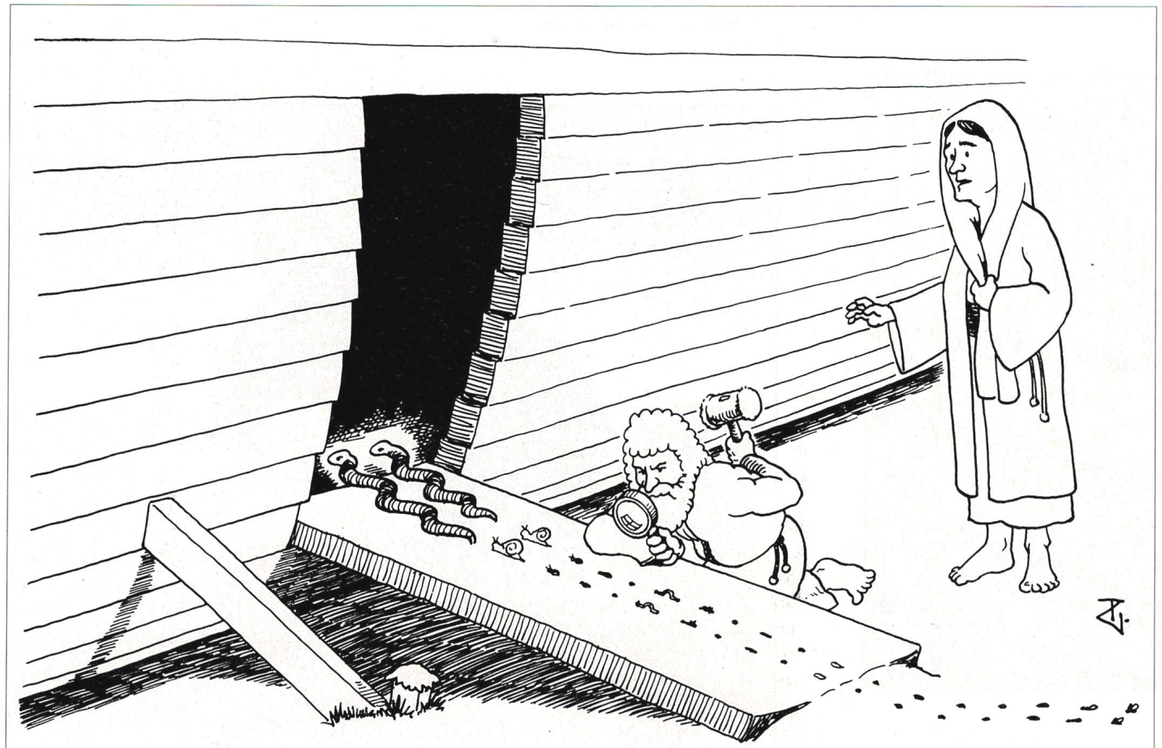
"They're forced to hear the lyrics. Even if they're subliminal, they're getting them. There have been significant social/political changes in Australia and I would attribute some of those to Garrett and the Oils."

Supporters of St Peter range from those who feel it's blasphemy to say a word against him, to the ones who point out the ease with which Australians lop down the tall poppy.

Garrett, clever, rich, famous and bloody tall, is a bona-fide tall poppy. Perhaps not. Tall Mushroom?

John O'Donnell, ex *Rolling Stone* journalist and editor of *Juice* magazine, defends Peter Garrett on these grounds.

"People who don't agree with his



"Noah dear, if any termites do show up, I'm sure they'll co-operate."

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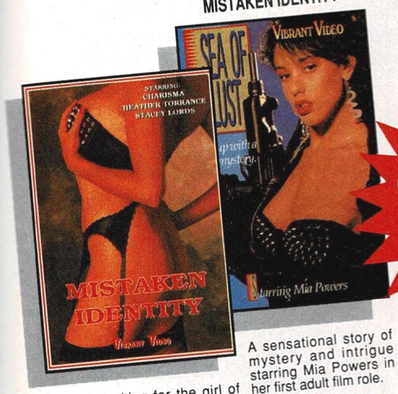

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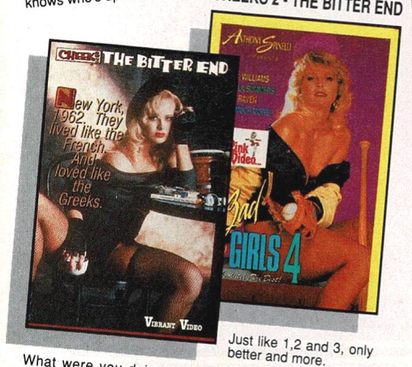
AU08 BAD GIRLS 4 & CHEEKS 2 - THE BITTER END



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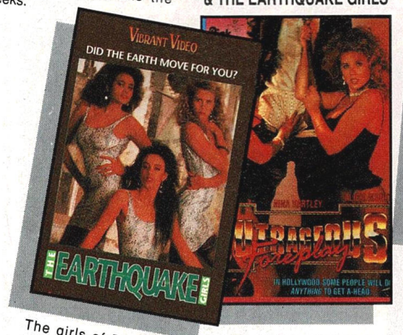
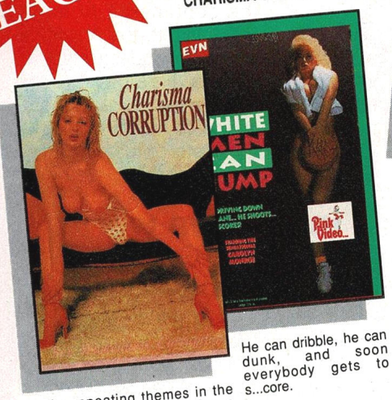


The girls of Earth Quake guarantee to make the earth move for you too!

Nina Hartly, Keisha and many more of your favorites get "a head" in the film world.

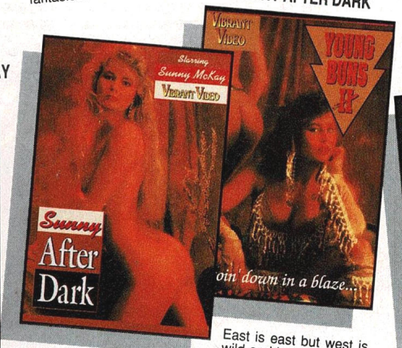
AU10 WHITE MEN CAN HUMP & CHARISMA CORRUPTION



The repeating themes in the dark, steamy world of Bruce Seven erotica. All making their appearance in Corruption, in which Bruce, the master of murkiness chose Charisma, adult's nastiest superstar to fulfil all of his wildest, seamiest fantasies.

He can dribble, he can dunk, and soon everybody gets to s...core.

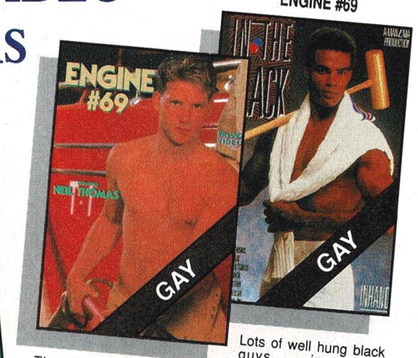
AU11 YOUNG BUNS 2 & SUNNY AFTER DARK



Beautiful Australian sex star, Sunny McKay and a host of American sex queens show off their talents and charms, before dark . . . after dark and at all times in between.

East is east but west is wild and hot: no wonder with desperadoes like Dirty Alice (Springs), Sweet Stacy (Bell) and Talia The Kid (James) on the loose and looking for loaded guns!

AU12 IN THE BLACK & ENGINE #69



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Lots of well hung black guys in the "blackbuster" of the year.

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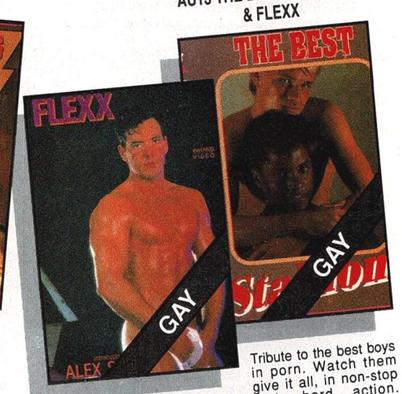

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Garrett

approach get annoyed at the publicity he gets. He's got such a big profile and distinct look that people do get jealous.

"People have said that he's got a Christian agenda and that that's what's so scary about him, but he doesn't go round hitting people over the head with his religon at all."

But there's a basically Garrett-penned song on the new album with categorical Christian subtones which O'Donnell thinks is one of the best Oils songs ever.

"In The Valley" draws from Psalm 23 ("Yea, though I walk through the valley of death I shall not fear") and is about the death of Garrett's parents, his journey through grief and finding of solace.

His father died of an asthma attack and, a few years later, when Garrett was 23, his mother burned to death when the family home caught fire and he couldn't rescue her in time. He's rarely talked of it and never cited it as a factor in his embrace of Christianity.

O'Donnell's of the opinion that Garrett's changed recently. "He used to come at matters with a big stick, but he's learnt how to be a shrewder player. Rather than going for the big blockbuster statements — the tearing down governments approach — he's becoming more conciliatory."

Well, in this sense he's way in front of John Hewson. Could the man whom *Time* magazine dubbed a "walking icon of outrage" be mellowing as he roars into his fortieth birthday?

"No, he's maturing," O'Donnell insists.

But into what? Colonel Garrett could be plotting a *coup d'etat* for all we know! The anti-publicist, who couldn't tell us whether or not he'd been born, wouldn't comment on Garrett's political intentions. Perhaps he'll settle for endorsing an eco-friendly head polish?

From the Christian viewpoint, *Penthouse* is too ideologically unsound to form any sound predictions for Peter Garrett's future. Nevertheless, he'll keep singing (sort of), raging, ranting and generally being the fly in any government's ointment.

Echoing the sentiments of many who've dealt with Garrett, the Aboriginal activist Gary Foley concludes: "He's an interesting songwriter. He's played a significant role heightening the social and political conscience of Australians. But I wouldn't want my sister to marry him."

The essential Garrett in his own words

Some classic Garrett quotes from the past decade

"Pubs kept Midnight Oil alive in the years when it was fighting record companies and never getting played on commercial radio. We couldn't have existed without pubs. We'd have gone to the wall long ago. Pubs are good. Smell of beer. Close." October 1984

"We don't have a policy on Medicare and we don't have a policy on kerbing and guttering." November 1984. Garrett hisses away queries about his Nuclear Disarmament Party.

"The old members of the Australian community are here tonight. They are lurking up the back with their poisoned pen." November 1984. Garrett aghast at presence of the evil media among the crowd at Midnight Oil concert.

"We just want to be able to get in a beer garden quietly and have a battered sav or listen to Bert Newton on the radio or watch a bit of footie in peace." January 1986. Conclusion of Garrett's anti-nuke and What Aussies Want speech to the audience at the Hollywood Paladium, LA.

"We don't get off on groupies, cocaine and that nonsense." October 1986. Garrett explaining why a big offshore tour was out of the question for Midnight Oil.

"If you want to do that go where the rich people drink." November 1986. Garrett calms a beer-can biffing crowd at the Bankstown Sports Club.

"We're bringing up a nation of square-eyed drunks." June 1987.

"I'm not an ambitious bloke ... but having got involved in the political process once I firmly believe there is a neccessity to be involved in it again." July 1987.

"It's a dog's life surrounded by hypocrites and drunks." May 1990. Garrett explains Australian politics to a rapt American audience.

"I just keep on talking. I just won't be quiet. I enjoy getting stuck into a struggle." July 1989.

"I came here in a motorcar today feeling as guilty as hell." . March 1990. Garrett apologises to Wilderness Society rally for his eco-terrorising method of transport.

"We're more spectacular than Cher and our music will last longer. We're not into tight crotches and sticking our tongues out on stage. Just the music and the issues." October 1990. Garrett reveals secret of Midnight Oil's success:

"It's a bit like 50 V8 bulldozers I suppose." October 1990, the Green Garrett explains the music of Midnight Oil.

"That's like asking a surfer to choose between his favourite beach location and his surfboard. There is no choice." October 1990. Garrett in philosophical mode when asked if he'd choose music or politics.

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Loe act

Continued from page 54

(NZ) Rugby Union who let him off the hook. I'd have given him life," thunders Skinner. "If Loe ever gets back into the All Blacks again, I'll send my (New Zealand) rugby blazer back and tell them to shove it where they want it. And there are a lot of guys from my era who feel the same way. The man is a cheap shot merchant and he has disgraced the black jersey.

"It's a different matter when you've got a guy who wants to have a stand-up with you. But Richard Loe has never stood up to anybody in his life. He has either booted them, elbowed them or gouged their eyes out. He's a hit and run artist."

Loe has since had his ban reduced on appeal to six months. The suspension began on April 1 and he will be eligible to play again for the All Blacks from October when they tour England and Scotland. (As this story went to press, Loe had not been ruled out by the New Zealand selectors for the England/Scotland tour and was considered a serious contender).

There has also been a curious backflip from the NZRFU's appeals committee who went to extreme lengths to lecture the public and press. They reminded New Zealanders that Loe has been an outstanding performer for the All Blacks, proceeding to paint a picture somewhat akin to Mother Theresa in rugby boots.

Loe was lauded for his sincere nature and commitment to rugby and charity with the committee referring to one instance where he provided an All Black jersey for auction to help a seriously injured player. Curious logic. It's OK to maim opposition players so long as you give a jersey away to charity later.

Loe has been compared to infamous Australian league player Les Boyd who was a champion bloke off the field but whose brain suddenly fuzzed over whenever he got on the field where he proceeded to bash and pound his way through a game. At least one prominent player told me the comparison was an insult to Boyd.

Tony Daly also debunks the "good guy" theory. "Most of us get on alright with the All Blacks. They're mostly good blokes but Loe's got a fair bit of arrogance about him," said Daly. "If he was marking you, he didn't really want to get on with you. He carries the rivalry off the field and takes the game a little too personally. He maybe felt the loss of the World Cup more than some of the others." Daly says the Wallabies lost respect for the All Blacks because of Loe but adds, "I also know there's a lot of All Blacks who don't like him either."

Loe does have some support, chief among them his Waikato and All Black team-mates Graham Purvis and Warren Gatland.

Gatland, while admitting that Loe can be a "time-bomb", also says that Loe is a "good bloke one-on-one", and predicts that Richard Loe will again play for the All Blacks and probably on the England/Scotland tour. "He's a top player, no doubt about that."

Graham Purvis was incensed by what he described as "trial by media" and so angered at an unsuccessful bid by an Otago University law lecturer to have the police prosecute Loe over the Cooper incident that he wrote an open letter to Dunedin's major newspaper. In the letter he accused the Otago public of the type of whingeing that New Zealanders normally associated with Australians.

An unrepentant Purvis says Loe has been unfairly vilified by a hypocritical Kiwi rugby public and media.

"Guilty or not guilty is not the problem," he maintains. "It is the persecution and public humiliation of a fine New Zealand sportsman and his family and a player who we have all been glad to have on our side during the historic All Black clashes of the last seven years.

"Richard has his faults, as do we all. But he has been a dedicated stalwart of his club, union and country and what I find difficult to swallow is that these same people who have held him in such high regard until now, have turned on him like a pack of wolves with cheap shots from every direction."

Not prepared to accept the reduction in his ban, Loe has since instructed his lawyers to take the NZRFU to the High Court over its judicial procedures.

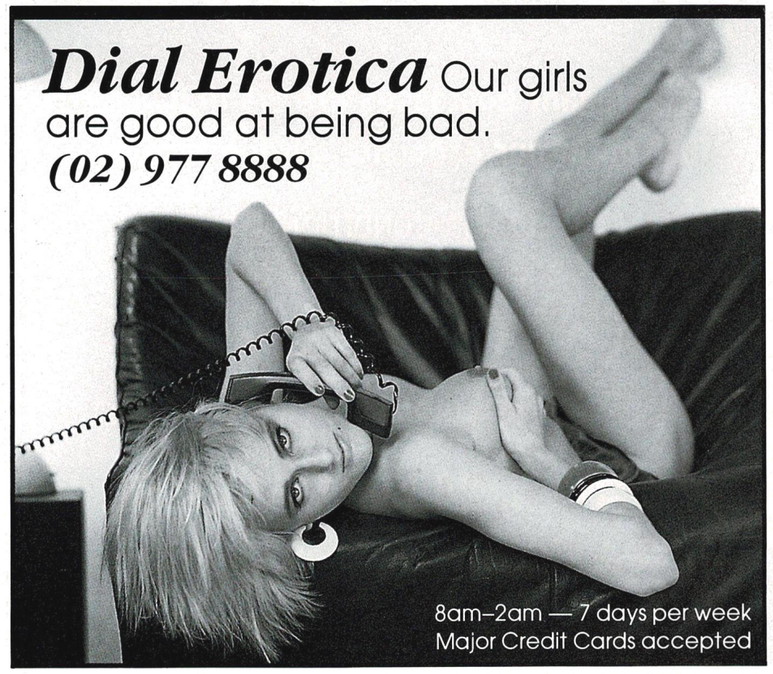
Stu Wilson, a former All Black captain and one of the finest wingers the game has seen, is astonished over Loe's audacity. "Everybody has seen the footage of the Cooper incident," declared Wilson, now a prominent rugby commentator on national TV. "Why can't Richard just take his medicine? My advice to him is: just go away, take the punishment, because for God's sake you deserve it. To do anything less is an embarrassment."

Indeed, Loe's actions continue to be condemned by most New Zealanders. There is only one other All Black in rugby history whose notoriety exceeds Loe. Keith Murdoch, also a prop, was sent home from the 1972 tour of the United Kingdom. Murdoch's crime? He punched a hotel security guard who had been on his case all night, unable to cop the fact his precious Welsh team had been beaten by the All Blacks.

For that heinous act, Murdoch was put on a Jumbo home. He never got there, departing the plane in Australia. To all intents and purposes, he disappeared off the face of the earth, at last report locked away in self-exile in a small north Queensland town.

A close friend once explained that Murdoch felt he had shamed the famous black jersey and let his country down. Richard Loe doesn't see it that way. And that's the greatest tragedy.

Richard Loe was approached through his lawyer to be interviewed for this story, without response.



MANY QUESTIONS

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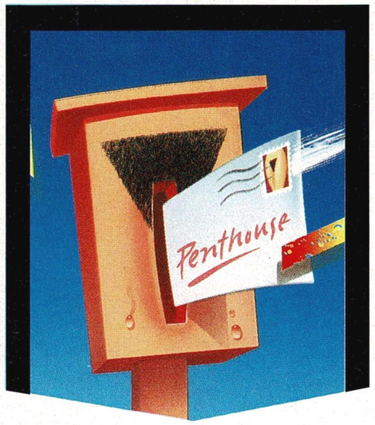
LABOUR & LOVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Esben was on a student exchange program and had come to the local university from Sweden to study the local culture. Suffering financially because of a poor foreign exchange rate, he decided to take one of the labouring jobs advertised on the board at the uni.
Nicole needed a trench dug in her garden and when Esben arrived to do the work on that hot Saturday afternoon, she immediately decided that her garden work could wait.

Although he was surprised by her advance, Ebsen could not contain his excitement and began to savour the flesh of her body.
Nicole had long fantasised about doing something like this and Ebsen had the skill, touch and stamina to make her dreams come true.
All afternoon they made love in every way possible, until in the early evening when they were completely sated they made another date to continue the labour.

Esben had stripped off his shirt and was about to begin working when Nicole directed him to where he was required in a manner which left no doubt as to her intentions.
Esben responded in kind and before long he was being welcomed to the country in the most intimate of ways.
She stripped off her clothes and breathlessly crushed her body against his.



forum

Continued from page 8

gently, catching a glimpse of my wet pole and her anus, like a little red mollusc in the cleft between her quivering cheeks. Karen moaned with pleasure and I could feel her get to work with her pelvic floor muscles, clamping onto my rod as I eased it in and out. As the movement became easier I began to thrust with long deep strokes.

Karen pulled the bedclothes in further and arched her back. "Fuck me deep and long and hard," she moaned. "Don't treat me like a china doll.

I pumped my pole into her welcoming chasm again and again, harder and harder, pushing Karen into the bed, as she buried her face in the sheets and cried out in pleasure with each stroke. I pummelled myself into the back of her thighs and she let out a long low moan which rose to a triumphant shout of pleasure. Karen's whole body shook and I immediately came in a blaze of glory.

I collapsed onto Karen's back. We were both gasping for breath and clammy with sweat. I withdrew from her, lifted her onto the bed and lay down beside her, playing gently with one of her nipples as she got her breath back. She held my penis in her hand and began to tell me of another of her fantasies. We followed that one up the next night. — *J.A., address withheld*

Generous tipping

I'm a 35-year-old divorcee. While having lunch one afternoon with a co-worker at a very chic restaurant, we were served by the most gorgeous waiter either of us had ever seen. We tried to get to know him better, but he was as cold as ice. It took a year of lunches for us to begin to break through, but he finally agreed to let us buy him dinner for his 23rd birthday.

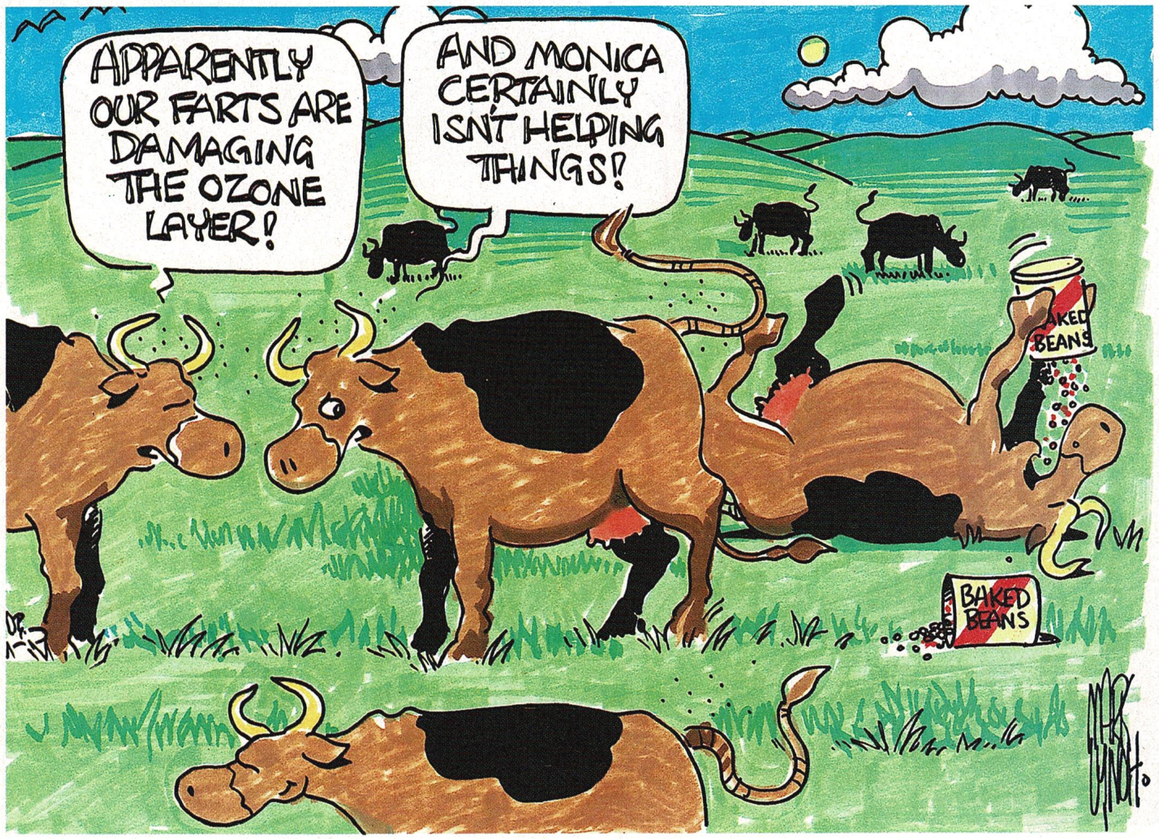
We thought he was really shy at heart, so we plotted to build up our birthday boy's self-esteem. We sat him between us in a booth in the most elegant restaurant in town. Somehow, my girlfriend turned the conversation around to blowjobs while I nibbled provocatively on some berries and cream. We had promised to deliver him back to his apartment after dinner, and so we did. Not surprisingly, he invited us in.

The moment the door closed, we guided him down onto the soft carpet and took turns licking down his stomach to his throbbing cock. Then we both took turns kissing and caressing our prize. I stared intently into his eyes, running my fingers over his chest, as my girlfriend's red mane bobbed up and down on his engorged cock. He came without a sound.

He kissed us both shyly, then said he had to get dressed to work the night shift. We lay there, hot and wet but without complaint. The next time we had lunch at his restaurant, our waiter was as cold as ever. Why were we surprised? Oh well, the obsession goes on. — *Name and address withheld*

Evening interlude

My sex life was non-existent until I met Lorrin. It all began when I was working late. I was tired and wanted nothing more than to go home and relax. I had just left my office and was walking down the hall when I came upon her. She was



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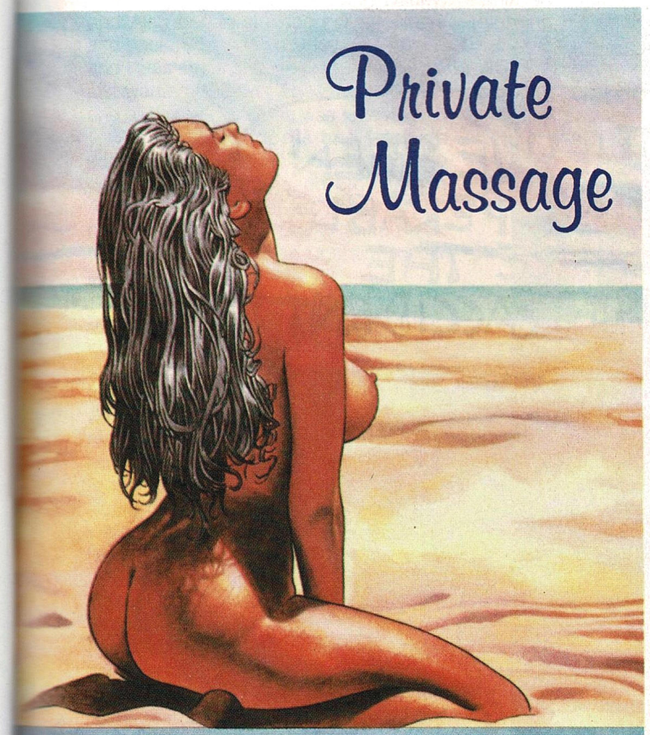

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bent over a drinking fountain, dressed in a tight white blouse and a revealing skirt. Her body was exquisite. I approached her and asked if she would like to go out for a few drinks. To cut to the chase, we ended up at my apartment.

The bulge in my pants was steadily growing and I could tell she had noticed by the way her eyes kept shifting to the mound in my pants. I asked if she needed another drink and strolled into the kitchen to pour her one.

When I returned, she was naked and stretched out on my couch. She beckoned to me. I made my way toward her, becoming hotter and hotter by the second. She told me to take my pants off. I complied. My seven-and-a-half-inch shaft was as hard as granite when she grabbed it. She commented on how large my throbbing cock was and promptly slipped it in her warm mouth. Her rhythmic thrusts and soft wet mouth boosted my pleasure, and soon my body shuddered in a forceful orgasm.

I positioned myself between her legs inhaling the sweet, musky scent of her dripping pussy. My fingers slowly rubbed her inviting cunt and my tongue swept back and forth over her juicy clitoris. She began moving up and down, bouncing with pleasure and fucking my face.

After her body was shaken by a violent orgasm, she grabbed my pole, applied a rubber with her mouth, which felt great, and guided it into her luscious box. Her cunt was filled with juices, and my dick slid inside easily. By now she was screaming for more, and her pussy was clenching at my cock. Our bodies thrust together as we came simultaneously.

After a short rest we were at it again. I began by sliding my fingers onto her lovely clit while keeping a hand on her hard nipples. Her mouth engulfed my prick once again, and her head began bobbing up and down with enjoyment. Her sucking was extraordinary and her hand kept fondling my balls and arsehole until I came.

I positioned her on her knees and entered her from behind. I slid my dick into her box with quick thrusts while my nuts slapped up against her. Once again her body shook with an orgasm.

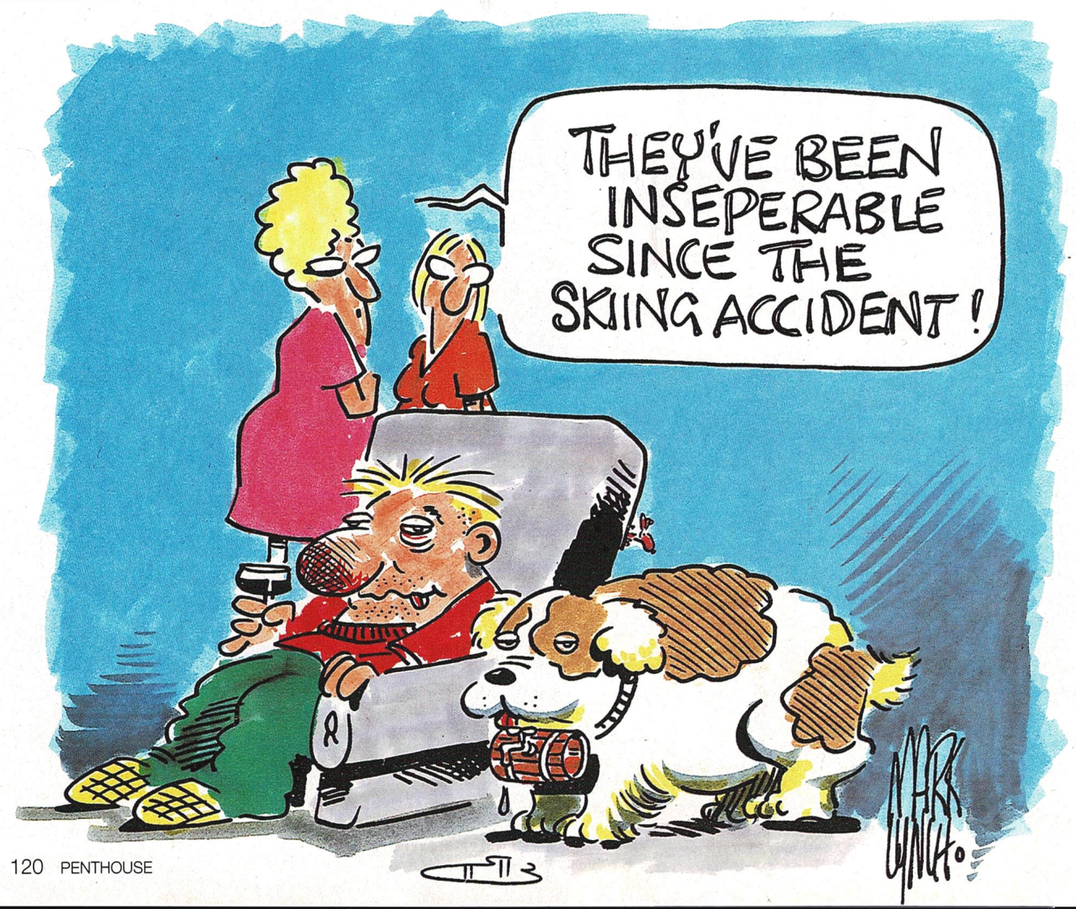
We moved from the couch to the floor to the table to several other places that night. We screwed in many more positions. Our orgasms shook the apartment with fits of passion. She has promised to see me again, and this time she'll bring some toys. I can't wait. — *N.V. Melbourne, Vic*

Carrie me home

This letter is a tribute to my fiancee, Carrie. She is an exhibitionist with a beautiful body and she loves to tease me. I went up to see her for a weekend and she surprised me with a special gift. It was just after Christmas and she was showing off the new clothes she had received. I was lying on her bed taking pictures of her when she unveiled my present. She had shaved her sweet pussy for me. There was the smallest patch of hair on top of her pubic mound. It was beautiful.

I laid her down on the bed and began touching her lightly all over, working my way toward her beautifully smooth slit. She moaned and pulled her arms up above her shoulders to stretch. I began kissing her thighs, running my tongue slowly up the inside of her legs. I slid my hands up under her arse, pulled her toward my mouth, and stroked her clit with my tongue. She moaned and trembled. I licked at her faster and faster. She rode the wave of her orgasm and then begged me to stop. Her pussy was getting too sensitive.

I climbed up her glowing body and kissed her. She took me into her arms wrapping her legs around my waist. I tried to slide my cock into her slowly, but she pulled me inside her quickly. She smiled as the first stroke slid all the way in and pulled me down on top of her to relax. I began a slow, gentle pace, just sliding in and out of her. Her wonderful pussy began to grip and pull at me. As I picked up speed, I pulled her hands above her head and held them there as I began sucking on her nipples. She arched her back when I bit her shoulders and the sides of her beautiful neck. Shuddering against me, she came again. I could feel her pussy spasm around me and the warmth of her sweet come on my cock. She is truly an amazing girl, and I love her. This is my way of thanking her for being a really sexy woman and for her willingness to please me. — *Name and address withheld*



Becky's toy boy

I'd like to tell you about an adventure that my wife, Becky, and I had last year. We wanted to try a threesome with another male, so we placed an ad in a local swinger's magazine. After several months, we finally met someone we were comfortable with. We met Alan for drinks one night, and I could tell Becky liked him a lot. We made plans to get together at our home the following weekend.

When Alan arrived we had a few drinks and then adjourned to the hot tub. Becky looked great. Her long red hair was pulled forward over her shoulders in an attempt to cover her already hardening pink nipples. She got in between Alan and I and for a while we acted very cool about the entire deal, just making small talk.

Eventually, I started kissing Becky, and Alan began stroking her shoulders and back. Soon we had changed places, and I was amazed that I felt no jealousy. I just wanted Becky to enjoy her "toy boy" and all the attention she was receiving.

We headed indoors and I put on some X-rated flicks while Becky and Alan continued to fondle each other. Soon Alan was sucking her left breast while I had her right. Then Becky announced that she wanted to go upstairs to our king-size water bed.

She jumped into the middle of the bed and patted both sides next to her, inviting her men to join her. Then she announced that she wanted her lovers to, "take me any way you want." Alan and I had no trouble handling this request — we had Becky on her back in no time, and I put my hard dick in her face, telling her to suck it. Alan went down to eat her gorgeous red snatch while I continued to receive an excellent blowjob.

Then she asked Alan to fuck her, and I decided to watch them go at it for a while. He started pounding her missionary-style, but then told her to get on her hands and knees. She was very excited to do this, since doggie-style is her favourite position. After they got started I came over to Becky and got another wonderful blowjob until Alan asked if I wanted to switch.

We asked my wife to do whatever we wanted, going from one position to the next. There're a lot of ways three people can fuck, and we tried most of them. In the end Alan and I both came, but Becky never got off.

We all went downstairs and sat on the couch, talking and watching the movie. I was very relaxed and started drifting off to sleep. I was wakened by Becky shifting around on the couch to allow Alan better access to her dripping-wet snatch. I lifted one eyelid to watch while pretending to still be asleep. I thought about joining in but decided observing would be kinkier — boy, was I right. Alan continued eating Becky and she was loving it. They both tried to be quiet so that I wouldn't wake up, but my wife kept telling Alan what a wonderful pussy-eater he was.

I couldn't believe this was going on right next to me. What a show they were putting on. My dick started getting hard again, but they were too engrossed in what they were doing to notice.

Becky told Alan that she wanted to go back upstairs, and I wondered what I should do. Since our bedroom is a loft over the living room, I decided to stay "asleep" and listen. She led him upstairs by the hand saying that she was "in lust" and couldn't get enough of her new toy.

Once upstairs she told him to lay down while she gave him a blowjob. But I didn't need to hear her say that to know what she was doing. The sound of her slurping his shaft into her throat was incredible. Alan was moaning as she gave him one of her fantastic deep-throat blowjobs — I almost came from just listening.

Next she told him that she was going to sit on his cock. I could tell she wanted to get off by the tone of her voice. After she adjusted herself on his throbbing shaft, she pulled out a vibrator to help her on her quest for climax. The sounds of their passion were incredible. I didn't need to see what was going on ... it was very easy to tell. Becky was beside herself with pleasure and Alan was not far behind.

In a short time, my wife let out a shriek as she climaxed on Alan's dick. She could have woken the neighbourhood, let alone her poor sleeping husband. Alan rolled her over onto her back and began pumping her.

She loves to fuck after she comes. She was really egging Alan on with moans, pants, and by telling him how good he felt. Soon Alan exploded, exclaiming, "Oh Becky, I'm gonna shoot!"

I continued to "sleep" on the couch while they cleaned up and then came back downstairs. When I awoke and asked what they had been doing, Becky replied, "Oh, we just talked and stuff, you know." I hope you'll print this so Becky can see that I do know. — *L.S. address withheld*

Hold the sausage

As the new employee of a local pizza establishment, I work the late hours, which usually means closing up for the night. I really don't mind because I get to work with two hot brunettes, Jill and Mandy. Working with these two is pure pleasure since I get to fuck them optically all the time. One night at the end of our

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shift, the girls asked me to carry some boxes out to the back room, but the tone of their voices made me think something was up. When I came back to the kitchen, my eyes almost exploded with delight. There stood Jill and Mandy, totally naked and with a look of lust in their eyes. They told me they were "responsible for training the new employees." All I could manage to say was, "Train me!"

Both girls walked over to me and instantly stripped off all my clothing. The two of them started kissing me all over, Jill on my neck and chest, and Mandy — who went directly to her knees — on my rod.

Her tongue swirled around the head of my cock and after a few short bobs of her head, she rammed the whole eight inches down her throat. I was about to blow my load when she stopped to let Jill have a turn. Seeing Jill's luscious red lips wrapped around my cock was all I could handle. I felt that first orgasm start at my toes and explode down her throat with incredible velocity.

Then we moved to the counter. Mandy got on top and spread her legs wide open while Jill bent over and stuck her tongue deep inside her friend's pussy. I got underneath Jill and licked her dripping snatch. She tasted wonderful and her juices were running down my chin. I could hear Mandy's moans getting louder as she reached her orgasm. Seconds later I felt Jill's entire body go stiff as she let out a scream of pleasure.

I was now ready to fuck these girls, so I had Jill lay on top of Mandy, who was still on top of the counter. As the two of them started kissing, I pumped my tool into each girl's tight, hot pussy. I gave Mandy a good fucking, then slid my dick into Jill for a while. Watching the two of them turn each other on and hearing them beg me to give them more cock was more pleasure than one man has ever dreamed of.

After a few more minutes of double-fucking, the girls got off the counter and Mandy walked over to the pizza area. She came back with a handful of tomato sauce, which she gently applied between my legs. Both girls went to their knees, one licking my balls while the other ate my cock. The sauce was all over their faces, and it was not long before I felt the urge to add my own. Mandy hungrily accepted it in her mouth.

That night was the ultimate sexual experience of my life, and needless to say, I hope to get the late shift every night. — *Name and address withheld*

Splendour in the grass

One day my girlfriend Linda and I took a picnic basket into the woods. To my surprise, when we sat down for lunch, Linda opened the basket and pulled out lingerie and some sex toys. When she started to undress, my dick shot up like Centrepoint.

"Fuck the lingerie," she growled as she crawled closer to tease my cock with her tongue. Linda ripped off my shorts, then climbed on top of me. My full eight inches entered her well-lubricated funnel of love. Our thrusting became more frantic as we rolled in the grass. While I sucked on her stiff nipples, she aggressively clawed my back. We switched positions and she moaned and squealed as I took her from behind.

"Oh yes, Bob!" she cried as I slammed my meat into her as hard as I could. I felt the warm rush of her intense orgasm and since I felt close the show time myself, we quickened the pace. She was well on her way to her second orgasm when I felt my balls tense up with anticipation.

"Oh yes!" we both cried as I shot my warm load and her body spasmed furiously. We lay resting under a tree and I wondered what would be in next week's basket. — *Name and address withheld*

Shower show

We had just finished having some excellent sex. I had just shot my sticky jizz onto my lover's stomach and she decided to hop into the shower. Watching her perfect butt bounce into the bathroom, I could feel yet another erection coming on. I cranked up some music and crept into the shower to watch my dream dancer wiggle while she soaped her luscious body.

I climbed into the stall behind her and poured almost an entire bottle of shampoo onto her beautiful back, watching it slide down towards the crack of her arse.

Then I spun her around and squirted the rest of the shampoo onto her heaving breasts. She shuddered happily when the cold ooze hit her erect nipples. As I rubbed the creamy liquid over her smooth breasts, she scooped some into her hand and massaged my balls with it.

I quickly turned her around and bent her over so I could massage her arse. She grabbed my tool and shoved it deep into her love box. I responded by rubbing her clit between my finger and thumb. She bucked into me to meet every stroke whimpering each time our bodies came together. We stood there convulsing in pleasure holding each other until the album was over.

Just when we were getting used to the silence we heard applause coming from outside. I opened the window and saw the couple from next door clapping and giving us two thumbs up. Later I found out they thought that our little show was so hot that they participated in some water Olympics of their own. — *Name and address withheld*

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BLACK LABEL EDITION

forum

Must be love

Once in a while, no matter how successful you are in business, no matter what you accomplish in your chosen field or how wonderful your past relationships have been, you feel utter jealousy when you see couples walking down the street, cuddling in cars at red lights or sneaking a kiss in grocery stores.

When you're in a relationship you don't feel this, but having been single, as I was for almost a year, this feeling sneaks up on you often.

In this state of mind, I was brooding in my local coffee shop over a fashionable magazine when my attention was seized by a woman who had just entered the place.

She had jet black hair cut into a stylish bob and a pair of eyes as blue as a Queensland summer sky. She wore a tailored Chanel suit with a fitted jacket and camisole that accentuated the voluptuous curves of her torso. Her short skirt clung to her bottom and her slender legs looked like pillars of exquisitely chiselled marble.

I knew that if I didn't make contact with her, I'd regret it for the rest of my life. So, with my heart sounding like a Ringo Starr drum solo, I approached her table and feigned interest in the fashionable French magazine she was reading.

She gave me a smile that said she could see right through my ludicrous ploy but invited me to sit down anyway. For two delightful hours we talked about everything from literature to psychology and I got to know a little about Carol. At the end of the evening, she kissed me lightly on the cheek, gave me a business card and we made a date for the following Saturday.

The following weekend we both knew that it was the time to succumb to the inevitable. That warm September evening, Carol came around for dinner at my place. She wore the same Chanel suit that I first saw her in and no sooner was she in the door when she said to me, "I want to make love with you tonight."

She leaned forward and kissed me so gently that I felt like silk was being pulled across my lips. Slowly her tongue parted my lips and danced along the perimeter of my mouth, over my teeth and ventured timidly towards my tongue. The whole thing was so gentle and sensual, unlike the fierce, almost rough, sex I had had before. Finally our tongues met and we embraced each other in a long, slow, deep, wet kiss.

She then began trailing the gentlest of kisses down my neck and cheeks before she undid my shirt. She spent a few minutes running her hands over my back and chest before stepping back and taking off her top and bra. Her breasts were perfect spheres of alabaster.

She pulled me to her and I felt the heat of our bodies rubbing together as her breasts crushed against my chest. She slowly unbuttoned my trousers as I unclipped her skirt. She stepped out of her skirt to reveal a suspender belt that supported sheer black stockings and a thin black G-string that did little to conceal her fantastic body. Removing my pants, she directed me to the couch and delicately traced the tip of her index finger down the length of my penis.

Eventually she wrapped her fingers around me and began to establish a small jerking rhythm. She then delicately kissed the end of my cock and gently licked the tip. Slowly she flicked her tongue up and down the length and breadth of my penis.

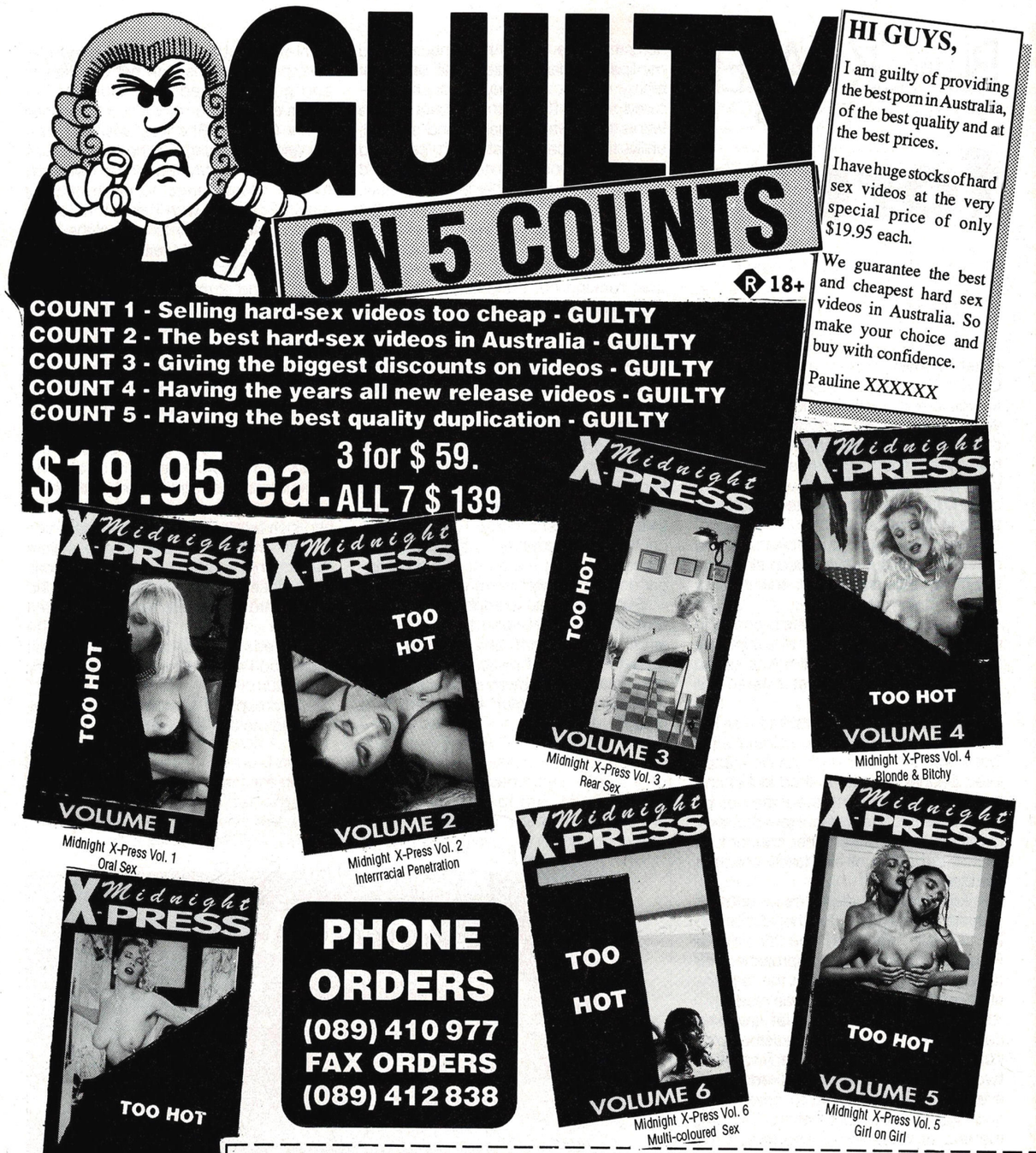
Not wanting to orgasm yet, I swapped positions with her and kissed and gently nipped the insides of her thighs as I worked my way up to the lace of her G-string. She was slowly squirming and murmuring. I pulled the panties off her and slowly teased her with my tongue, being careful to narrowly miss making contact with her clitoris every time. Content simply to savour the taste and smell of her, I waited a few more minutes before I began to tickle her clit with the end of my tongue. She moaned a little louder when I found her clitoris and almost immediately she engulfed my face in a delicious tremor of orgasm.

She cupped my face in her hands which were trembling slightly, looked into my eyes and said, "Make love with me."

I lay back and Carol positioned herself on top of me. She gently rubbed the head of my dick up and down the entrance to her vagina, gently slipped a condom onto me and slowly slid me into her. Inch by slow inch she took me inside of her — her warmth and snugness were intoxicating. I sat up so that our faces were close to one another. She ground her clit into me as she slowly rode me. I felt her muscles spasm and she orgasmed. I could not contain myself either and I erupted inside her in a frenzy of pleasure.

We collapsed together onto the floor. She told me that she was in love with me

"Muffy's owners lived to regret the day they taught him to watch television . . ."



BLACK LABEL EDITION forum

and I said I felt the same way. Today we are married and have two wonderful children. — *BR, Sydney, NSW*

She'll be right

The most amazing event of my life happened about a week prior to my 26th birthday, when my fiancee, Tracey, approached me in regards to what I wanted for my birthday. She informed me that she wanted to organise an exciting evening for two, as long as I went along with everything she planned. Nervously, I agreed.

That Friday, Tracey phoned me at work and told me to meet her at her unit. When I knocked on her door, Tracey opened it and nearly knocked me out with what she was wearing. All she had on was the smallest of red lace G-strings, with an equally minute red lace bra which fought to contain her firm tits.

I was already rock-solid and found it hard to control my hands and tongue as they roamed across her body. I removed her bra which released her ample cargo. I started lightly licking her nipples. I laid her onto the lounge-room floor and started to remove her lace panties to reveal a bald pussy. "Is this my present?" I asked.

"Only part of it," was her reply, as I slowly nibbled on her fleshy folds. After I had given her a good tongue bath, she returned the favour by going down on my cock. She didn't have to do much as I was already on the edge. With three or four thrusts into her warm mouth, I unleashed my load.

Tracey then directed me to her spare bedroom where neatly laid out on the bed were a sensational black satin bra and panties with matching suspenders and stockings. "Honey," I said, "you'll look hot in them."

"Nope," was her cheeky reply, "that's what you're wearing."

"No way," I replied, but she quickly reminded me of my promise to go along with whatever she said. I reluctantly agreed. Tracey helped me into my new outfit adjusting the panties to cover my rapidly hardening cock and padding the bra with tissues.

As she fitted the stockings and suspenders to my legs, I could see the pre-come seeping through my satin panties. From the wardrobe she pulled a flip skirt, a white silk shirt and a wig of long, blonde hair. Tracey applied make-up to me then escorted me to the mirror where I laid eyes on the new me. I could hardly recognise myself.

Tracey went to dress and came out wearing a tight black dress. When she bent to pick up her shoes, she flashed me her lovely moist pussy lips. "OK, we're going out and from now on your name is Julie," she said.

I too could not keep my hands to myself as I played with her clit until we reached the nightclub.

As we walked in, it felt like everyone's eyes were on me and Tracey, which only aroused me even further. We found a secluded booth and I sat down as Tracey went off for drinks. When she returned, she moved up close to me and whispered in my ear that she wanted me to be a real slut and didn't care who watched.

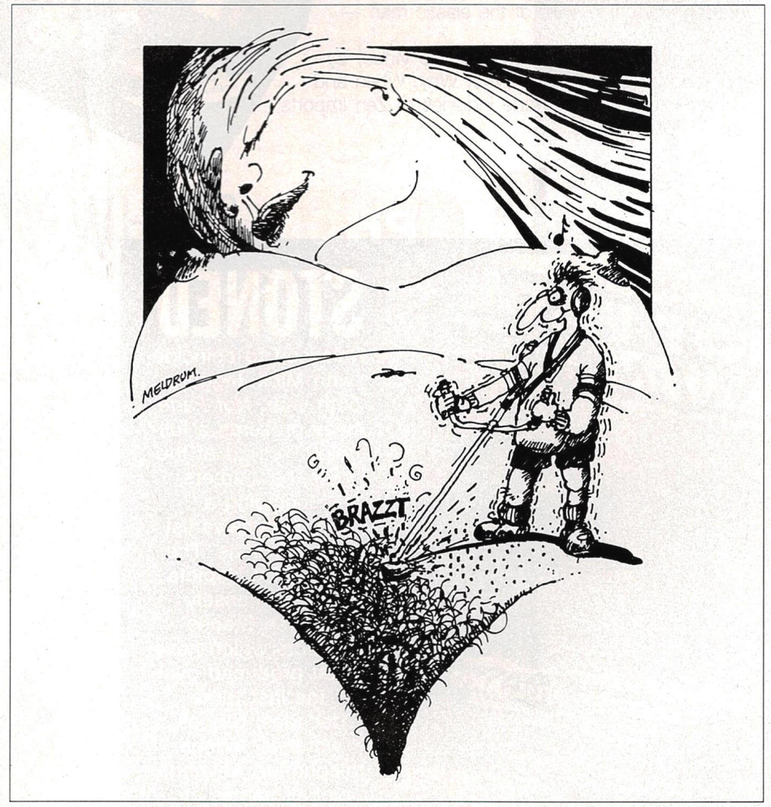
Two guys approached us and asked us to dance. Tracey told them we weren't interested, lent over towards me and stuck her tongue down my throat. I joined her as our tongues darted around each other's mouths and by the time we had finished our passionate embrace, the two guys had shot through.

Tracey reached under the table, lifted my skirt and then slowly rubbed her hand over my satin panties. She pulled my panties to one side and then sat down on my lap with my cock deep inside her. She rocked back and forth and ground her wetness into my aching groin. I could sense her approaching orgasm and increased my motion until she exploded and I quickly followed, pumping her full of hot come. Tracey sat there for a few minutes to regain her composure, then eased herself off me.

I whispered to Tracey that I wanted to go home and tongue-fuck her like a good slut, but she ordered me under the table to do it there and then. I slowly slid under the table and gave her the best tongue-fuck I've ever had the pleasure of administering.

It was getting late and it was time to leave, so we made our way to the car. The trip home was in total silence as we both reflected on the night's activities. When we arrived home, Tracey dropped to her knees and sucked me off in the passageway. She ordered me on all fours and slipped her finger up my arse as she sucked me off. She had never done this before. Slowly she moved her finger in and out of me until I could take no more.

With that, I flung her on her back and slammed my cock deep inside her cunt. When I woke in the morning, I could not believe what I had done the previous night. — L.V., *address withheld*



loose ends

ShAQ AttAcK

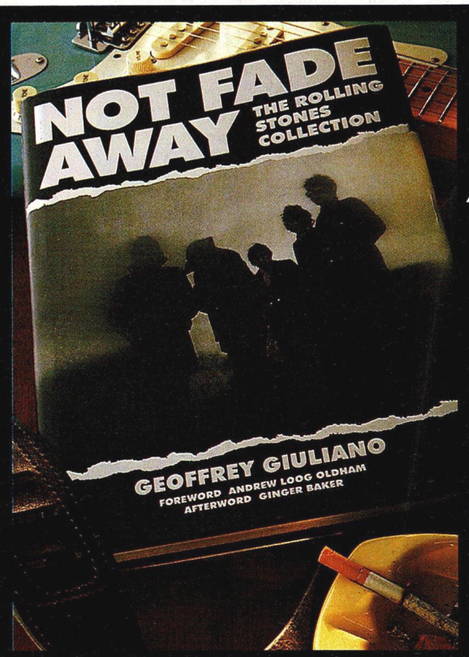
Named after seven-foot basketball rookie Shaquille O' Neal who has a penchant for shattering backboards, the new Shaq basketball shoe from Reebok is just as impressive as its namesake. The Shaq provides players with ankle support and flexibility, plus the ultimate in custom fit with the unique Pump midfoot chamber system. The Shaq features a moulded EVA midsole with improved formulation for extended life and resiliency together with an extended Graphlite composite plate embedded in the midsole. What this means is that for about $300, the Shaq from Reebok provides the ultimate in streetwise style, lightweight cushioning and substantial support and stability.

VIDEO GAMES

From Zen Imports comes a wide range of videos which you won't see on the latest release stands.
Crimson Steel is a fast-moving, spectacular and dramatic 50-minute video which documents a complete course in the sword technique of Japan's feudal Samurai.
The World Of Martial Arts is a two-hour compilation of Martial Art clips featuring world champion judo, Karate and Kendo exponents, plus the "amazing stretching skills of the elastic man — Ian Fox".
On the subject of bending, *Stretching The Video,* by Bob Anderson documents the "Who, Why, When and How of proper stretching." Trade inquiries to Zen Imports on (02) 818 1955

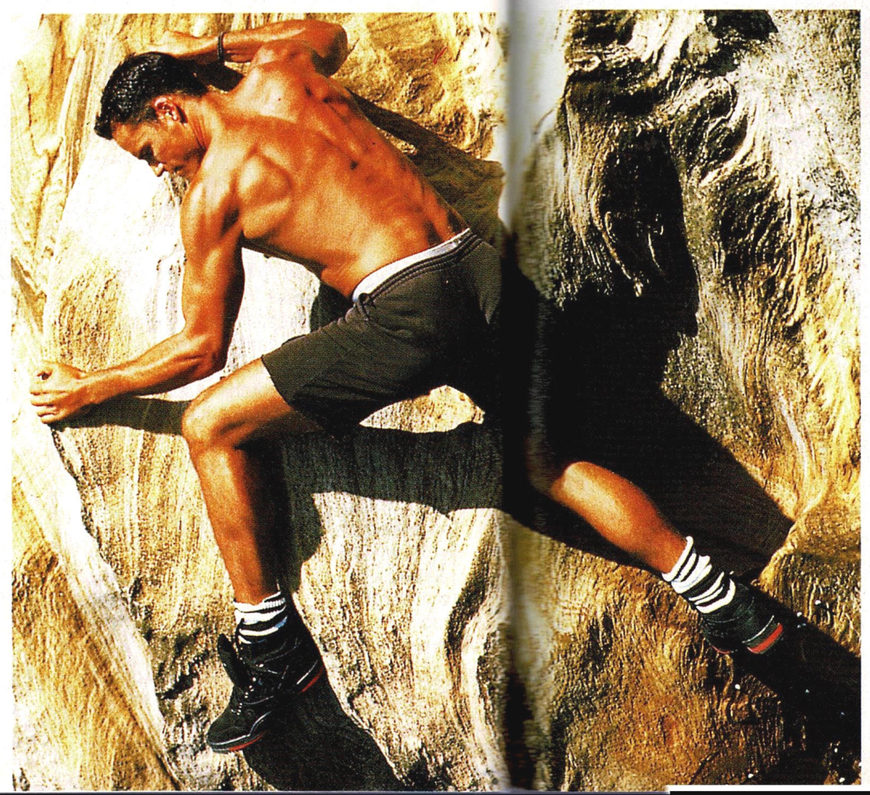
FOXY is the word

In the UK, the Travel Fox shoe is an essential item for ravers and funksters. In the United States, rappers and Hip Hoppers sport them. In Australia, Travel Fox has several styles to cater for, as the blurb says, "diffused subcultures", as well as the "Sahara" which has been specifically designed for "Australian surfers and skaters who are the prominent sub-culture here in Australia."



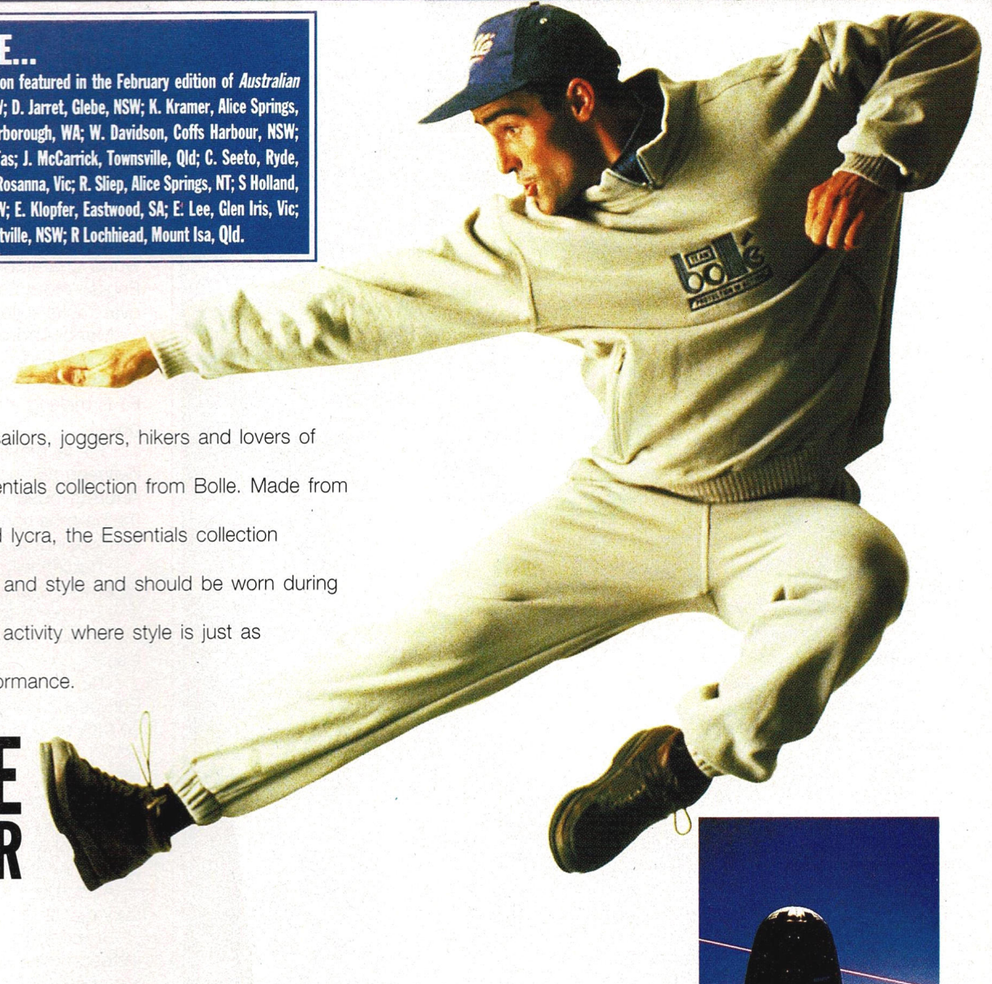
STONED

Released to coincide with Mick Jagger's 50th year, *Not Fade Away* presents a full-colour record of the Stones' careers, including a comprehensive list of recordings. The book also depicts the immensely diverse Stones' artefacts which have been produced over the last three decades: Stones' watches, videos, telephones, keyrings, pinball games etc. Available from most bookstores for the RRP of $39.95.



AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The winners of the "Win with it" competition featured in the February edition of *Australian Penthouse* were: T. Ireland, Rydalmere, NSW; D. Jarret, Glebe, NSW; K. Kramer, Alice Springs, NT; C. Laurence, Lyons, ACT; I. Burke, Scarborough, WA; W. Davidson, Coffs Harbour, NSW; K.Phillips, Cairns, Qld; R. Murray, Hobart, Tas; J. McCarrick, Townsville, Qld; C. Seeto, Ryde, NSW; W. Gastern, Eastwood, SA; P. Roffey, Rosanna, Vic; R. Sliep, Alice Springs, NT; S Holland, Jurein Bay, WA; A. Halle, North Sydney, NSW; E. Klopfer, Eastwood, SA; E. Lee, Glen Iris, Vic; R. Lucas, Liverpool, NSW; N. Bromley, Forestville, NSW; R Lochhead, Mount Isa, Qld.

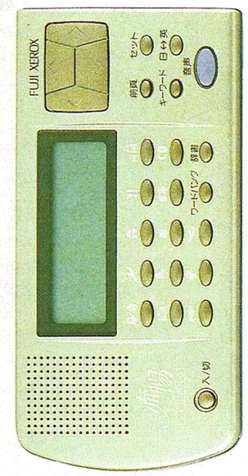


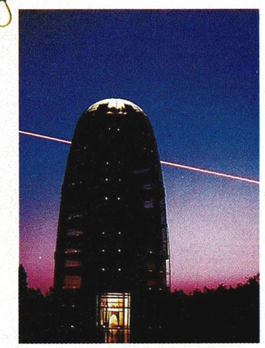
Ideal for golfers, sailors, joggers, hikers and lovers of leisure is the Essentials collection from Bolle. Made from cotton blends and lycra, the Essentials collection possesses quality and style and should be worn during any leisure-based activity where style is just as important as performance.

STYLE MASTER

SAY WHAT?

From the "what's new in Japan" file comes the Speaking Electronic Translator. At the push of a button the "Ryucho" says, "take me to the airport" or numerous other basic phrases in English, French, Spanish and a variety of other languages. Ryucho is available in two versions: Japanese to English only, or Japanese to several other tongues. Priced at 31,800 Yen (approx $A400), the Japanese-English version has 2500 sentences in 13 categories.





BUILDING THE FUTURE

Pictured is an intelligent building called "Tron." It's the kind of building we could be living and working in come the 21st century. Hazama Corp, the Japanese company — who else would think of this? — expects the building to be finished by 1995.
People who occupy the building will carry ID cards. The building will detect the card and adjust the humidity, temperature and light levels to suit them.
And, with the aid of 10,000 integrated computers, the interior layout of Tron is capable of being changed by the flick of a switch.

Pet Of The Month, Tanya Hyde

INSIDE SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Sexual Harassment — Sexual harassment is a growth industry in this country. The numbers of complaints have been rising under both Federal and State legislation since the Sex Discrimination Act of 1984 was enacted. Surprisingly, the biggest increase has been with complaints by men. In September *Australian Penthouse* read about sexual harassment from the male perspective.

Southern Lights — Bombala is a forgotten part of the modern Australian dream. Perched on the most remote part of the Monaro high plain in south-east NSW, the old logging town carries on a bush tradition of country music, beer drinking and high jinks that died out in the big cities years ago. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, see nightlife in Bombala.

Darren Clark — In the September issue of Australia's highest selling monthly men's magazine, Australia's best ever 400m runner Darren Clark reveals how he battled the temptation of using steroids to gain Olympic gold and why he decided to return to the track after a stint in the punishing world of rugby league.

Pet Of The Month — Tanya Hyde is a 23-year-old native of Adelaide who has worked as an erotic dancer in Japan, South Korea, Hong Kong, Singapore and Taiwan. The stylish blonde with the classic features has been a hit wherever she's appeared and in the September issue of *Australian Penthouse*, you'll see why.

Continued from page 19

racing, Yankee style. Within days of FISA announcing its intention to take the F1 world championship onto an oval, two English promoters revealed plans to build oval tracks suitable for a title race.

Mario Andretti, a champion in both IndyCars and F1 and perfectly placed to make observations about both, believes F1 is making a mistake banning technology.

"F1 is playing around with its mix between technology and entertainment," Andretti observed. "IndyCar racing has the balance right already, but F1 must be cautious not to over-react.

"Traditionally, F1 has stood apart from other forms of racing and I don't know if it will make a lot of difference if they do away with computers and everything else."

The Americans can't control what the Europeans are doing with F1 regulations, so they're working feverishly on their own show, and in particular the Mansell factor.

While the series is rollicking along wonderfully this season, some critics suggest that if Mansell goes back to F1, IndyCars will sink back to their old level.

At home, though, they will always be strong, with or without their star import.

Surprisingly, there are some IndyCar insiders keen not to push out the frontiers beyond North America. Team owners, operating on relatively modest annual budgets of around US $10 million insist the target market is the good ol' US of A.

This same parochialism brings suspicion of moves by Honda and perhaps Toyota to leap into IndyCars. There is a real fear that the big-spending Japanese giants will ultimately destroy the fine competitive situation currently existing between Ford and Chevrolet.

"They'll have a test program in Japan, and then they'll come in with the single-minded purpose of winning every race," said a worried Ford competitions manager Lee Morse. "Our goal is not to win every race because we know that if we swept the board it would not be good for IndyCars."

So, as IndyCars and Formula One lurch towards an inevitable confrontation, both have their own set of problems. Both have fallen way short of conquering the globe.

Ultimately who will win though?

The betting is that no-one will. After all the bloodletting and namecalling, Formula One will own all the world except North America; IndyCars will dominate domestically. Status quo, in other words. — *Peter McKay*

SUZUKI
THE PERFORMING ARTS

The Intruder 1400 is the pinnacle of quality engineering in a bold, functional and classic form. A shining example of the Performing Arts of Suzuki. Performance in the form of a 82 cubic inch V-twin, 3 valve power-plant tuned to deliver not only sheer grunt, but also massive torque at any speed in any gear, with a deep rumble that speaks volumes about its inherent power. Art in the form of the gleaming chrome appeal, the genuine sewn saddle and the 36 degree raked fork that leans powerfully into the long, flowing lines of the Intruder's uncluttered simplicity. The Intruder 1400, one of the Performing Arts of Suzuki.

Suzuki is proud to sponsor Stay Upright Motorcycle Techniques and supports rider training. For course details and bookings, contact your Authorised Suzuki Motorcycle dealer.

★ *Please read your Owner's manual carefully.*
★ *Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing.*
★ *Enjoy riding safely.*

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